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EGYPTIAN SKETCHES

Alice A. Cowell -

Aug. 18. 1890 -

Seattle -

San Juan Is -

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Miss M. Ewell-

Aug. 18. 1890-

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Propylaeum

EGYPTIAN SKETCHES.

BY

JEREMIAH LYNCH.

WITH SIXTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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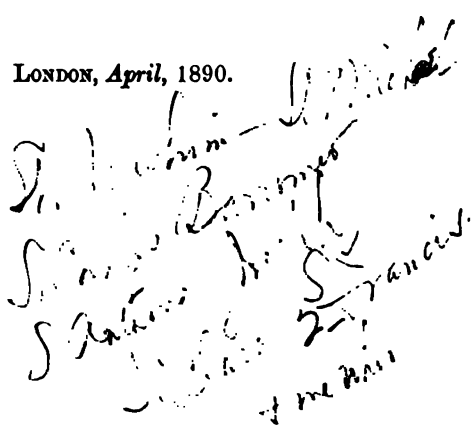
PREFACE.

THESE slight sketches were mostly written at Cairo during the autumn of 1889, and the first months of the present year. While there I lived in daily companionship with Europeans who were intimately acquainted with Egypt, and with the natives themselves.

Therefore I believe that I know the Nile country better than the average visitor, to whom a single month is a long stay. Yet I am not an Egyptologist, and only desire to induce others to visit a land that I was loth to leave. For them I have herein simply written the experience and observation of a man from the New World.

J. L.

LONDON, *April*, 1890.



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EGYPTIAN SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

AN EASTERN DAY.

BEHIND my Cairene house in the Abbasiyeh quarter, lay the garden, a very wilderness of flowers, which, though possessing none of the fragrance of temperate climes, were brilliant and various in colour. Among them were myrtles, creeping jasmines with white blossoms, mandarins, and commoner orange trees covered with dark-green glossy leaves, and the slender acacias lifting feather-like foliage against the intense sky. Beyond the limit of my grounds, which were bounded by others whose gay show of roses equalled my own, was a tiny ruined mosque, erected long ago over the body of some almost forgotten Moslem saint. And farther still, a grove of palms rose in a stately group, typifying, by their height and peacefulness in the windless air, the quiet lofty contemplation that is the natural growth

of the mystic land of Egypt. Beyond them once more were other groves by the Fresh-water Canal, in which I could discern ever and again the single mast of some trading-vessel or the twin spars of a dahabeeyeh with its white lateen sail moving between the vegetation on the water's edge. And farther, again, were other mosques and palms, and at last the yellow sand just where the sky became hazier and of a whitish blue, as it drooped over the everlasting desert. After looking from the front of my Eastern home upon the white roads and whiter houses, this garden was an oasis of greenery and rest.

The mansion consisted of but one story, and the numerous rooms had stone floors. Only the salon was carpeted, the bedrooms having two or three Turkish rugs in each one. The balcony in front of the salon looked out on the fountain that threw yellow Nile water into the basin in the early morning and late afternoon. All the windows and doors were provided with lattice-like iron shutters, which were closed in the evening, leaving the windows open. This permitted the cool night air to circulate through the apartments that became so heated during the day, and yet kept the house safe from the robbers who prowled everywhere.

I rose in the morning at seven and took a cold douche. The water was so muddy, however, that

one sometimes seemed cleaner when he went into the bathroom than when he emerged. For they have no tanks nor cisterns on the tops of the houses, and the water comes in pipes straight from the saffron-coloured Nile. It is always filtered for drinking and cooking, and no house is complete without a little chamber containing several immense jars through which the water slowly percolates into vessels beneath. Coffee, in small cups without sugar or milk, is brought by Hassan immediately after coming from the bath, and is drunk before dressing.

The morning is spent in writing, reading, walking in the garden, and at 10.30 breakfast is ready. It consists usually of oranges and mandarins, rice, mutton, eggs, and poultry, with a very few vegetables, and those tasteless and flaccid. The cost of living in Cairo depends on a person's tastes. The expense of servants is very slight. A fair Arab cook can be engaged for twelve dollars monthly, and other servants from five to ten dollars each. They eat native food, consisting only of Arab bread and a few vegetables, without meat, which the house provides. A household of three servants, living included, need not cost over fifty dollars per month. The rent of a good furnished house during the summer and autumn will be perhaps as much more. Of course there are servants and servants. A good Greek or French cook cannot be hired under forty

dollars a month, and it is very hard to find an Arab who can prepare a European dish with any degree of satisfaction. For myself, I found it difficult to get any appetite. It was so fearfully hot in September and October that I had Indian curries on the table every day. Red pepper was a delight, and Tabasco sauce a tearful blessing.

My principal business between midday and three o'clock was to try and keep cool. Every native sleeps during those hours, but it is impossible for the stranger. If I lay down on the divan with a handkerchief over my face, I was nearly suffocated. If I took it off, the flies and mosquitoes held high carnival on my prostrate form. The mosquitoes took a special liking to me as a new-comer, and if they could not get at my head, they contented themselves with my hands and wrists. They made life miserable to me for a couple of months, until I got inoculated, and I never could arrange the mosquito curtains of my bed but that some one mosquito would awake me with his musical serenade and sharp sting.

There is no gas supplied in the city, except to the principal hotels and in the Ismalieh quarter, where the richest Europeans reside. Where I lived, among the Egyptians, we had no such luxury, and were fain content with candles and lamps. It made not very much difference, however, for I never thought

of reading or writing in the evening. The busy mosquitoes appropriated all the space below and around the hanging lamp, and, after one or two attempts, I let them remain in supreme possession, and went out myself into the wide road in front of the fountain and garden. There usually sat Mdlle. Rose, her father and mother, and some friends. We drank Mocha coffee and mestiche as we smoked cigarettes and the narghileh until long after midnight. They never talked of anything out of Egypt, though they asked me many questions about America, concerning which country they had some vague, indefinite ideas. When I said I was six days and nights travelling from San Francisco to New York, they expressed doubt, astonishment, and, I am afraid, a little incredulity. When one could go from Cairo to Alexandria in less than four hours, how could it be possible to journey nearly a whole week, and in the night time too! They could not understand it, and I am afraid that I left Egypt without being able to fully convince Monsieur Raphael of my veracity in that statement.

What do they talk of, one might ask? Well, of very little. All the Orientals sit and drink, look wise, and speak but seldom. Of the last battle of Toski perhaps, and how little Cucolo, Mdlle. Rose's black-skinned maid, was found wandering hungry and thirsty among the dead bodies the next day.

Her father had been killed, and the poor twelve-year-old girl was trying to find him amid the two or three thousand bodies that lay mangled on the field. One of the Egyptian officers had found her, brought her to Cairo, and presented her to Rose. They told me that fifteen hundred half-starved wretches had been distributed by the victors, over Lower Egypt practically as slaves.

Then Vida Ruscia would tell me of the prosperity of Cairo in the days of Ismail, when sixty dollars had been given for the hire of a carriage to take a party of revellers over to the Gizerah, to one of the Khedive's masked balls! when ivory, and gum arabic, and slaves came down the Nile from the Soudan in immense caravans of camels, and every one in Egypt was rich.

Now everything was changed. They had lost Khartoum and the trade of the Soudan. Ismail was gone, and the cold-blooded English were there, dismissing good Moslems from their easy official places, and filling the vacancies with young men from London. The present Khedive was a good man, but had no power or influence in his own land. He was, as his father had said of him, "without heart or head."

These thoughts would be delivered at intervals and in fragments during the long evening, and there would come long silences when our whole

party would sit quiet and motionless, looking at the bright stars and brighter moon, as we listened to the music of the water falling into the basin. But these strictures on Tewfik Pasha, the present Khedive, are, I think, unfounded. He is not a Mehemet Ali, it is true; but it is unnecessary—the English will relieve him of all trouble or uneasiness respecting his realm.

All that is really asked of the Khedive, and all that he does, is to go through the various official duties required of him in a proper manner, like a good actor on the stage. And he executes them right royally, as in the olden days. Nothing is omitted that might cause invidious comparisons with past splendour. When a consul-general of one of the great Powers is first formally presented to the Khedive, he is granted a reception which makes him quite an imposing personage. A state carriage is sent to his residence, with a second one for the attachés of the office. Mr. Eugene Schuyler, our representative in Egypt, was kind enough to suggest that, for one day at least, I might be constituted an attaché, and so witness the presentation to the Khedive. Therefore it happened that, with Mr. Grant, I entered the state carriage following that of the consul-general's, and we were escorted to the Khedivial palace by outriders and a troop of Egyptian cavalry.

At the instant that the consul-general descended from the carriage at the palace-gate a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the citadel. The consul-general was received standing by the Khedive, surrounded by his Cabinet, as if he were the most distinguished ambassador extraordinary or minister plenipotentiary. It seemed, indeed, like playing at royalty, but it is well known that, to the Oriental mind, nothing impresses so much as an outward display of pomp and state. The reception-chamber was decorated on the sides with magnificent Persian rugs, hung like tapestry on the walls, but the floor was simply of polished woods. After the Khedive had saluted Mr. Schuyler and the attachés, and we were all seated, men-servants brought into the hall pipes of sandal-wood, filled with fragrant Leutakia or Syrian tobacco. The pipes were over six feet long, and the bowl rested within a silver salver, placed on the floor. A kneeling attendant was ready to replenish the pipes with coals and tobacco. The mouthpiece was of amber, and just above where it joined the sandal-wood was one mass of diamond incrustations. There must have been over a hundred, many of large size, in each pipe. The Khedive, his Cabinet, together with the consul-general and attachés, sat in a square, gravely taking a few whiffs, and never saying a word. The whole scene reminded me very much of the councils in

the book of Lewis and Clark, when the aborigines, covered with wampum, sat sedately in a circle and smoked the calumet of peace. How very odd it is, that the customs of the ancient Orient should find a parallel among the savages of America! After the pipes came coffee, served in delicate china cups that were embedded in silver holders of elaborate filigree work, also studded with brilliants. When, a few minutes afterwards, the consul-general departed, he found outside the palace a regiment of troops drawn up in line, who saluted the representative of the American Republic, while the band discoursed the familiar melody of "The Star Spangled Banner." The servants of the Khedive wore long black frock-coats, and, even in the audience-chamber, did not remove their fez. Nor did the Khedive and his Cabinet. The only people uncovered were the foreigners. The consul-general was escorted to his mansion with the same state as before, the people on the streets stopping to see the richly decorated state carriages and the plain black-robed men within. A hundred dollars was distributed by M. Schuyler in gratuities to the coachmen, escort, and attendants of the Foreign Office. Formerly the Khedive gave to each representative of the Powers an Arabian courser, richly saddled and caparisoned, and also a splendid Damascus scimitar, with ivory handle ornamented with gold. But the phlegmatic Eng-

lish have stopped this bit of Oriental magnificence and generosity, to the great sorrow of all the foreign consuls-general. Of course the American consuls-general, by a law of Congress, are not allowed to receive gifts of any kind from foreign potentates, but I understand that some of our consuls in Egypt in the past have conveniently forgotten this restriction.

After the carriages were dismissed, we went in more humble vehicles of our own to make a formal call on Riaz Pasha, the prime minister. There again we drank coffee and smoked cigarettes. Hardly had we entered Schuyler's residence on our return, when Riaz Pasha was announced. He came to pay the customary civility of a personal visit to a consul-general who has been received by the Khedive. More coffee and cigarettes. The capacity of these Egyptians for both is marvellous. Where we drink beer, wine, and spirits, they drink only coffee. Cups and cups of it go down their throats like drops of water.

When the good old man, who is kind and gentle-hearted, had left, we drove out across the river to the Gizerah, as it is called. On the west bank of the Nile lies the drive, circling inward as it goes down the river. This is a charming bit of land, bathed on every side by the waters of the Nile, and encompassed with groves of tall acacias and taller

palms. It is the exact site of the battle of the Pyramids, when Napoleon inspired his troops by his spirited invocation to those gigantic masses, whose outlines are so vivid in the clear atmosphere, though ten miles away. The Gizerah is the fashionable drive of Cairo, and every afternoon it is thronged with carriages, horses, and donkeys. The Khedive, with a slender escort, always appears on Fridays and Sundays, followed at a little distance by his only wife, the Khedivia, who is in a closed carriage, with a deep veil covering her face wholly. No one walks in Cairo in the hot autumn days, and it is not necessary on the score of economy. A couple of horses, with driver and carriage, costs only forty cents an hour, and less in proportion for a longer time.

We drove homeward across the Nile in the shadowing palms, while the sun glittered brighter than ever behind the mighty Pyramids. Its glow shone upon their summits, and touched their sides with gold, even while the bases that fronted us became heavily purple. They alone were dark in all the landscape, for as the sun went down shining to the last as though it were midday, the full moon came up from the east over the minarets and mosques of Cairo, flooding the silent land with silver.

CHAPTER II.

OLD CAIRO.

I HAVE wandered for many a pleasant hour through the old quarters of Cairo. Go as often as one will, there is ever something new to be seen; either a costume or a yashmak that for its novelty or strangeness causes one to stop and gaze with interest. There are no sidewalks, and the streets are very narrow. The houses are built of limestone rock, with the second and third stories in many instances of wood. These are placed close together right on the side of the little street, and there are no gardens nor trees of any kind. Many of the larger buildings have courtyards in the middle, where flowers and palm-trees grow in luxuriant profusion. But these courtyards cannot be seen from the street, for the entrance to them is by a narrow low door of thick, heavy wooden beams, clamped with iron rivets going through from side to side. The doors are like those of a castle, and give one a faint idea of the state of Cairo three or four hundred years ago, when these buildings were con-

A STREET IN CAIRO. *To face page* 12.

structed. Each one was a fortress, with windows high up, protected with heavy iron bars like a prison, and, with its solid, stout walls, must have been secure against several score of the Arab troopers. They lap over the street at each additional story, and therefore, if there are two buildings opposite of three or four stories, their roofs approach so near that a man could quite easily leap over the street from one to the other. Across this space is stretched an awning when it is hot, and people pass to and fro in the shade beneath.

All the shops are small, and are about two feet above the street level. There is never a chair, and the merchant sits cross-legged on the floor, which is covered with matting, while heaps of stuff from Damascus, Smyrna, and Bombay lie thrown around in utter confusion. When they are taken from the little shelves in the early morning to show to a customer, they are not put back again until he closes the place at the setting of the sun. Silks and cottons, yashmaks and habbarahs, tarbushes and turbans, white light linens from Benares and scarlet Persian carpets from Ispahan, all lie on the floor in delightful disarray. And the Arab merchant placidly smokes his narghileh, with its fragrant Egyptian tobacco, gazing serenely upon the passers-by. A few American drummers are needed there to wake them up, though I fancy that they would have to change the

people before they could alter their customs, now become sacred by the sanction of centuries.

Next door to this shop would very likely be a laundry. The laundry consists of a number of tubs sunk in the ground, which are filled with bluing. Clothes are put in these vats to rest for a time, and are afterwards carefully washed and rinsed in the street, in front of the door. This occasions perhaps a little discomfort to the camels and donkeys, as well as the people who pass and repass in an endless line; but the thirsty air and ground soon absorb the water.

Passing along, one comes to a little place where candies and sweet cakes are sold. It is surrounded by dirty barefooted children, whose clothes are torn and draggled, and whose eyes and unwashed faces are covered with a swarm of flies that they hardly make an effort to drive away.

This is one of the most unpleasant features of Cairo and Egyptian life. Half the native children have ophthalmia, especially up to the age of ten. Perhaps it is hereditary and comes from some taint in the blood, for it is nearly universal. I suppose, if the children were kept cleaner and their eyes frequently bathed, that the disease would not be so common, but now it is frightful and very disagreeable to the visitor. Nevertheless many of these little wretches had a para to buy some sweets, and after-

wards sat down and ate them in the street amid the dust, the camels, and the donkeys, while their less happy playmates looked on with envy. The Arab who supplied all these wonders was a benevolent-looking old fellow, with an immense white turban. At least, I should think it might have been white at one time. He said, "*E-zi-ak*" (good day), in the blandest of tones, and very kindly offered me some of his goodies at the end of his thrice dirty fingers, appearing grieved when I could not, with all my philosophy, bring myself to eat them.

There now passes a Persian with his sheepskin hat. He is nearly as dark as the Soudanese with whom he saunters along. The summer heats of Teheran are almost as severe as those of Assouan. The Soudanese wears a red fez, swathed in folds of white linen. Behind them stalks with measured tread the Bedouin of the desert, in his picturesque dress, with his veil of blue and white and green dropping gracefully upon his shoulders. It protects his face and eyes from the blinding rays of the sun, reflected by the yellow desert sands as he spurns them beneath the feet of his Arabian courser or swift dromedary. How intensely black are his beard and eyes! The Bedouin never seems to become gray, even at an advanced age. With his fierce visage and wandering life, he is the Red Indian of the

East. Amid this meeting in the streets of Old Cairo of the peoples of every land in the Eastern world, with all their different costumes and customs, the Bedouin is by far the most attractive and imposing.

He has preserved his mode of life and methods of existence from the days of Abraham. No one has sought to wrest from him his desert sands, and he has been left tranquil upon the wastes where never a tree nor a shrub darkens the brightness of the mid-day sun. From sand-hill to sand-hill he wanders, pitching his tent where his flocks and herds may find a little stagnant water. He lives by pillage and rapine, yet, when he has eaten salt with his guest, no royal monarch is safer or more respected in his own palace than is the Howardji under the tent of the Bedouin. Even in Cairo he is alone, as in the desert. He walks slowly and proudly on with erect mien, looking neither to right nor left, speaking to none, while all the others quietly make way for him.

Here comes a wagon with only two wheels on a dead axle, drawn by a donkey. It has no sides, and seated upon the few planks that make the bottom are no less than eight women. They have their feet tucked up under them, their faces covered with the impenetrable veil and yashmak, and they chatter away—well, as only women can chatter when a number of them get together. They are the wives and servants of some Arab, who has sent them out

for an airing. It seldom happens that the man who has several wives and odalisques has not also ample means to supply them with luxuries such as the harem beauties usually enjoy; but once in a while there is some poor Lothario who has yet managed to have quite as many wives as his richer brethren, and this is his cheap and safe way of giving them recreation. He cannot afford to keep eunuchs, so he sends them out together, and certainly they are safer guards for each other than a whole cohort of eunuchs would be. They are so closely veiled that it is impossible to tell the servants from the wives, though the former are always black girls from the Soudan. Nothing can be seen but the eyes, and I have discovered that all eyes look the same under the deceiving yashmak; one cannot tell the difference between sixteen and sixty. In fact, as the negro girls are the youngest and have perhaps the most lustrous orbs, one would be very apt to select from that standpoint as the Zuleika of the harem, some thick-lipped, flat-nosed, big-footed girl from Ethiopia. But they go along past the Arab café, on which they look curiously, as if it were some demon's cave. Tired of sight-seeing, I enter and order a cup of that fragrant black Mocha coffee, which is the delight and the nepenthe of the East.

The cafés, or saloons, of Egypt are divided into

two classes: those that simply supply coffee, cognac, and cigarettes; and the ones that sell hashish in addition to coffee and cognac. Hashish is a kind of tobacco made from hemp, and is in its effects and uses a good deal like opium. It is smoked in pipes, just as the Chinese in Shanghai, Hongkong, and San Francisco smoke that drug. For ten cents a Cairene can buy enough to last him all night. The hashish cafés, like our churches, are never closed. They tell me here that one of every four men in Cairo uses hashish. They smoke for two or three hours, and then fall into a sort of stupor or dream the whole night through. Mahomet's seventy virgins, whose youth and freshness are ever renewed, dance in transparent attire before their enraptured vision. Fountains of milk and honey, and the soft voluptuous harmonies of the zarab, mingle together in sweet confusion. They are Haroun al-Raschid, Saladin, or Mehemet Ali. Long lines of troopers on their white Arabian steeds await with drawn and jewelled scimitars their slightest nod, as of the Prophet Mahomet. The cry, "*Allah-il-Allah!*" rings through their dull and stupefied minds, as they see themselves rulers over thousands, soldans of Egypt; and they are awakened suddenly and rudely, to find around them a dirty Arab café, with a dim lamp black with grime, and their fellow hashish-smokers lying prone in the dust at their

feet. Then they stagger to their miserable homes to sleep during the day a dead maudlin slumber, and arise next morning for their daily labour, without a cent, with sodden brain and heavy limbs. Strange that people will, for a little fancied relief, even in a hashish dream, thus lower themselves below the beasts.

But the sun is sinking fast behind the yellow line of the Libyan hills, and the serpent Nile flows placidly on under the gigantic shadow of the Pyramids. Now the lamps are lighted in the shops of the narrow streets, from which the sun's rays have gone an hour. The cafés begin to fill and the crowds in the roads to increase. The camels in a long line, tied head to tail, and loaded with immense quantities of sugar-cane, so that they look like moving haystacks, slowly and patiently thread their pathway through the thronged street. The shops where lamp-oil of American and Russian production is sold, and the fruit marts, are filled with buyers. Pomegranates, mandarins, as well as dates, bananas, and almost every variety of tropical fruit known, are both good and cheap.

Here is a donkey loaded with immense watermelons, piled on each side of the basket that forms his saddle. The old farmer who drives him cuts the melons into large slices, and sells the luscious pieces for a para, or one-fifth of a cent, each. All this in

the month of December. With a slice of water-melon and a cake of Arab bread, costing also only a para, the humble Egyptian eats a very good supper, and contentedly lies down to sleep on the ground under the eaves of some house, to shelter him from the morning rays of the sun. This bread, which consists only of flour, salt, and water, is made into cakes like pancakes, and is very good and palatable.

The shadows come thicker, the lamps are lighted in the little open space in front of the large Arab café yonder. Presently the story-teller appears, and takes his seat on the high chair allotted to him, while the old, low wooden benches around are soon filled with groups of Arabs, prepared to listen and drink coffee.

In a sweet, low, yet penetrating voice, distinctly heard in the quiet that prevails, the old Arab, with his white turban and long white beard, chants some tale of Hafiz, some exploit of Rustam, or a love-song from the Arabian pages of Avaluca. He does not exactly read, but rather sings, with due inflections and frequent pauses between each sentence and line.

It is his trade, and he is employed by the cafés. Every pleasant evening, and they are nearly all so at Cairo, when Orion and the Pleiades look down on the land made so bright and fairy-like by the lucent rays of Isis, old Abdullah comes forth and delights the audience with his quaint and centuries-

old legends. I had learned a little Arabic in my three months' housekeeping among the natives, and I once asked the Egyptian who so gravely poured the delicate mocha into my cup—

"Ibrahim, what is Abdullah telling us of to-night?"

Ibrahim listened for a minute, and replied, "Inshallah! he is recounting the story of the fight between Goliath and David that is told in the Jewish Koran. Of course you have read it."

"Yes," said I, in surprise; "but I did not know that you Arabs took some of your tales from that source."

"Oh yes," said Ibrahim; "Abdullah knows them all. I have heard him sing of the sun stopping at the command of Joshua, of the falling of the walls of a town at the sound of a trumpet, of the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, and of many other wonderful and true events that the Jews relate. Abdullah knows the Jewish book as well almost as he does our own Koran of the Prophet Mahomet. They have carefully been written down by the wise men of the past, and all he has to do is to learn them by heart."

"But," I added, "do the Arabs listen to these with as much interest as they do to those of their own race?"

"Yes," he replied. "Why not? They like to

hear of the deeds of brave and strong men of every clime. They sit here until midnight, when we close the café. All they pay is for the coffee and tobacco that they order."

"And do they also like to listen to love-songs?"

"Oh yes; that is the most pleasant of all. The stories of the 'Arabian Nights' and the songs of Omar Khayyam are the most popular. They come here and listen to Abdullah singing the same ones night after night, especially from the tenth to the eighteenth night of the moon, and they never get tired."

I ordered some more coffee and the narghileh, wondering at these people, who banish love from their hearts and homes, yet revel in its dreams and fantasies, as told by Abdullah in the cool moonlight of the narrow streets of Cairo. They marry and divorce their wives like cattle; they have odalisques by the score; but the pure and warm passion of Amina and Ali, and the fatal results of the love of Farida and Hassan, who lie buried together deep down in the amber-coloured sea, shining so serenely in the violet sun, are to them of more vivid and pathetic interest than the immense harems of Solomon or Mahmoud. Their life is artificial, while love is natural. The Moslem religion is built on the ruins of the esteem and respect that man owes to his mother, his wife, and

his sister. It will fall, as does everything that has not a stable foundation, and the human emotions of men and women, as evinced in the love of one for one other, will again exist in this land of the Palm and the Pomegranate.

CHAPTER III.

HASSAN AND HUSSEIN.

THERE are two principal sects of the Moslems: those who believe their rulers should be the blood descendants of Mahomet, and those who are content with history as it is. Mahomet managed to have about a dozen wives before he died, usually dreaming a dream previous to taking a new one. These dreams, or communications, were with the Archangel Gabriel, commanding him so to do, and thereafter they formed new passages in the Koran. It is quite true that these ladies were, some of them at least, as in the case of the beautiful Jewish woman, the wives of other men then living. But when one has the Archangel Gabriel to back him, and the object is the possession of a pretty woman, religion and desire form a very strong team. Mahomet made war on the Jewish tribe, killed its chieftain, appropriated his wife; then, towards the remaining members of the tribe, put in force, for the first time in history, the famous words which

are the scimitar and oriflamme of Moslemism: "The Koran or the Sword."

He left but one child, a girl, named Fatima. She married and had two sons, Hassan and Hussein.

After her death, her sons, while still young, aspired to the caliphate, then held by one of the companions of the Prophet. Mahomet himself, when dying, had not particularly indicated his own wishes, thus, like Alexander, practically leaving the succession "to the most worthy." In the wars and tumults that ensued the two grandsons of Mahomet were killed—in fact, murdered—by the emissaries of the caliph, and their party annihilated. But as ages ran on, and the religion and power of Moslemism spread over the world, many of the more pious devotees recalled to mind the sacrifice of the young men.

They prayed for them, erected mosques bearing their names, and gradually created a sect which made saints of Hussein and Hassan, only less sanctified than the Prophet himself. Interpretations were given to certain passages of the Koran which implied God's desire that the descendants of Mahomet should be his successors. Persons were produced claiming to be of the lineage of Hassan and Hussein, while others asserted they left no children. When strong enough, the Shiites, as they were called, went to war with the people of the

caliph, named Sunnites. These wars were characterized by the intolerance, bigotry, and cruelty that disgrace most religious disputes, whether with the sword or the pen. The contest extended more or less over the dominion of the whole Moslem world, and lasted for centuries. It ended in leaving affairs pretty much as they were at the commencement of the feud. That is, the caliphs and their successors still held the reins of government. But with a cessation of warfare came religious toleration, and now the two sects exist and have their being a good deal like Protestants and Roman Catholics. Only perhaps the Shiites and Sunnites have less radical differences.

The Persian race are more especially devoted followers of Hassan and his brother, and always have a procession and ceremonies on the anniversary of their murder. There are a great number of Persians living in Cairo, and on the evening of this anniversary I went with Achmet Bey to witness their religious rites.

The long narrow street of the Mouska was crowded from end to end. The high Persian caps of sheepskin were the most numerous, but the turbans white and green, the red fez with the black tassel, and the immense mountain of white which crowned the heads of the Soudanese, themselves black as ebony, were to be seen on all sides.

We had to leave the carriage and force our way on foot through the crowd to the small mosque, or church, which was already thronged with people, save for a space in the centre, occupied by devotees.

All Mahometan mosques are built on the model of the original at Mecca. They have neither benches, seats, chairs, statues, sculptures, nor pictures. They are absolutely bare walls, and the altar or pulpit can only be known to the stranger by a small recess or alcove in the side of the wall nearest to Mecca. The intention is that nothing within a building consecrated to the worship of God shall abstract the mind of the believer from his orisons and penances. The columns of the first mosque built by Mahomet himself were palm-trees with the tops cut off.

He constructed it in a cemetery where was a palm grove, and combined religion with economy in erecting a building of palms within the precincts of the dead. So, following this, the marble columns of the more costly mosques are made of the horizontal spirals and involutions that indicate the bark of the palm-tree. The Moslem architect has to exert all his ingenuity to obtain artistic results within the narrow limits of the palm; and it is marvellous how well he has succeeded in some cases. There is a mosque here in Cairo which on entering looks exactly like a grove of tall palms. The slender columns are of white marble, towering

aloft a hundred feet or more, and the branches and leaves, which only grow on the top of this tree, are so gracefully interlaced and interwoven in the domed roof, springing direct from the columns, that it seems as if they were gathered together over our heads to form a shaded walk. When one has travelled under the hot sun of the East on the deserts where there is nothing to protect him from its rays, one can realize how very pleasant must be this illusion. It is like the mirage of Arizona and Utah, and, suggesting his natural groves, is most attractive to the Oriental. The architect in return received a truly Oriental reward. After his noble conception was realized the sultan cut off both his hands, so that he could never plan another for any one else.

The minarets and cupolas which form so conspicuous a feature of Cairo, Constantinople, and Damascus are innovations added to the mosques a century or two after the death of the Prophet. The minarets are four in number, and are placed at each corner of the roof. They were also intended originally to resemble palm-trees, the idea being to have one palm-tree on top of another; but in later times this fashion was abandoned, and the minarets of a mosque to-day are but little more than four straight slender steeples that, in the clear dry atmosphere of Egypt, can be seen over its level plains for an immense distance.

To return. When we got through the crowd at the entrance and forced our way to the middle we saw a strange sight. Twenty men, naked to the waist, stood opposite each other, about six feet apart, ten on each side. They were armed with immense scimitars, broad and heavy. At a given signal by the leader these dervishes would raise their weapons a little distance, and let the cutting edge fall either on their shoulders, breasts, or backs. Then a chant, a weird uncanny chant, would be started by the Imaun, or priest, and joined in by all those within hearing for perhaps two minutes. Again, when all was silence, the first of the twenty would repeat his signal, and once more the long heavy, blood-stained swords fell upon their forms, while the blood from the numerous wounds formed a little rivulet that ran straight towards the recess or shrine pointing to Mecca.

The principal actors in this religious drama accompanied their self-mutilation with a song expressive of their sorrow at the murder of Hassan and Hussein. Presently, at the conclusion of the song, one of the twenty, covered with blood, fell with a groan upon the marble floor. Immediately the others surrounded him, waving their weapons and singing like the witches in "Macbeth." The mob re-echoed the cry, while the flickering torches cast ghostly shadows and lighted up the frenzied faces

of these men, who thought they were pleasing God. The poor dying wretch could scarce breathe. There he lay in his blood, yet still, in his devotion, tried to raise the heavy scimitar, which he retained in his grasp, and give himself one last wound. The effort was too great, and he fell back, and in a minute or two died.

I turned away nearly stifled, and got out of the mosque as soon as I could. I did not want to see any more, but Achmet Bey said I must by all means observe the torchlight procession from the mosque, which immediately followed, and which only occurred once a year. So we went to a house in the Mouska, the principal street of Cairo, and waited. First came a body of native police, commanded by two English officers on horseback, who are in the employ of the Egyptian Government. Then came the nineteen dervishes, the blood still flowing from some of their wounds. They held their scimitars, but did nothing more than chant as they walked. Their part of the performance had been done, and well done, in the mosque. With their bloody faces and bodies, the strips of flesh hanging down from their cheeks and shoulders, what a ghastly looking set of wretches they were! Yet they fascinated me, and I could not remove my eyes until the last one of them had disappeared in the darkness.

After a while came two boys mounted on horseback. They had also been in the mosque, having a little fun, but I had not noticed them. They had amused themselves by cutting each other with small knives, standing meanwhile on a white cloth. This cloth, spotted with their blood, was now cut in two and used as saddle-cloths. The little fellows, each about fifteen years old, with faces and arms scarred and cut, were mounted on the white and red saddles, singing and brandishing their knives as they passed.

Then followed a new lot of dervishes. These men had discovered another method of flagellation. They put a quantity of old nails and scraps of iron into a small canvas bag, the whole weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds. Every now and then they would stop, form a circle, and strike violently their shoulders, backs, and bosoms with these delicate sacks. Very soon the nails penetrated the canvas, and thus they had the delight of piercing their bodies, causing the blood to flow on to their garments every time they repeated this pleasant performance.

The procession wound around two or three of the principal streets, then returned to the mosque and dispersed. But what a crowd there was! all men, not a woman on the street. The women are never allowed any privileges, as I have said before. Yet on this night we frequently passed carriages drawn up to the side of the street. We could see white

veils through the closed windows as the torches in passing threw an uncertain glimmer, and we knew that each carriage was full of harem beauties, who on this occasion were permitted to come out, thus guarded, and look on.

We went home by the light of the Egyptian moon, full and clear as when Isis took it for her *guidon* and inspiration.

CHAPTER IV.

CAIRO AND THE CAIRENES.

THE Cairo of the present day is not built on the exact site of the Cairo of the "Arabian Nights." That was the old city of Fostat, founded by Amrou, the general of the Caliph Omar, who came here with no more than four thousand men, and took the country. This happened in the seventh century, and in the nineteenth the English take and hold it with only three thousand men. The people of Egypt are evidently the same class of non-resistants that they were twelve hundred years ago. Amrou erected a mosque on the lines of the original one built by Mahomet at Mecca. This mosque still exists, though in a deserted and ruined state, and is called by the Arabs "The Old Mosque."

By the way, in using this word "Arab," I am reminded of the curious notions these people have in some matters. The phrase "fellah," as usually applied, is understood to mean the peasantry of Egypt—those that live in the villages, as apart

from Alexandria and Cairo. Fellaheen is the plural, and includes both sexes. The people of Cairo and Alexandria are, of course, of the same blood and type as those who live in the hamlets. Those of the cities go at times to live in the country, and those of the country to the cities, as in other places. But to call an inhabitant of Cairo or Alexandria one of the fellaheen is to say something very offensive, as it would have been, before the war, to call a Southerner one of the "poor white trash." The odd thing is that they dislike only in a less degree to be called Egyptians. They call themselves, everywhere and at all times, Arabs, never Egyptians or fellaheen. The reason is very likely this. When the Arabs conquered Egypt they despised the race and people who had submitted almost without a blow. They were of the pure stock of the desert, tall, lithe, stalwart, and strong, and disdained to mix their blood by intermarriage with this short and brown people. So they formed a class or caste by themselves, and were the aristocracy of Egypt. Though the Arabs and their descendants have long since gone, swept away by the incoming of other invaders at different periods, the impression of their superiority was so enduring, that, even to-day, people prefer to use the race-name of their conquerors.

The Old Mosque of Amrou is surrounded by tumble-down walls, deserted houses, and drifting

sands. It is marvellous how quickly the land relapses into the desert, if there be no one to preserve and water the soil. The ancient city of Fostat, of which I write, is now half desert, though only two or three miles from the present city of Cairo.

Amrou's city of Fostat became the capital, and was a large and important place at the epoch of Charlemagne and Haroun al-Raschid. It is of this period that the "Arabian Nights" tales are told, and Cairo is the scene of many of its most charming stories. After the death of the Caliph Haroun, who had lived in Bagdad, his son and successor moved to Cairo. He was the monarch who opened the first Pyramid in looking for treasure, and found the King's and Queen's chambers. It is not known if there were any mummies there, but it is generally assumed that they had disappeared long before. In that case, it must have been in the early ages of Egypt, for there can be no question that until this son of Haroun found and opened the chambers the entrance to the Great Pyramid had been lost, far anterior to the days of Herodotus. Some writers assert that the hatred of the people against Cheops and Chephren, who forced them to build the two large Pyramids, was so fierce that the royal mummies were buried in a secret, unknown tomb, for fear that, if placed in the Pyramids originally intended for their remains,

the sarcophagi would be broken into and the bodies destroyed.

How many mysteries cluster around these bare summits, towering over the Libyan sands! The very uncertainty that surrounds the question gives to the Pyramids a fascination that will ever exist. It is the unknowable rather than the knowable that attracts us. Where there is obscurity there is always inquiry.

In the twelfth century appeared Saladin of Crusading fame. He became ruler over Egypt and Syria, including Palestine. Like many other masters of Egypt, he was not an Egyptian, being a native of Koordistan. He feared an invasion of Egypt by the Crusaders, and thought that Fostat was not very well placed to withstand a regular attack and siege. Therefore he choose a point of rock that jutted out from the Mokattam hills, two or three miles below, and built thereon a fortress. By digging down over two hundred feet to the Nile level, he found an ample supply of good water, which afforded safety to the citadel in case of a siege. Thence to the Nile, due west, was about two miles. He enclosed this space, and other land extending north and south, with massively built walls, having numerous gates. These walls and gates exist in great part to-day, and are in an excellent condition. The city has gradually, as in most modern cities,

CAIRO—THE CITADEL. *To face page* 36.

spread beyond the walls, but all the life, variety, and colour of Cairo are within Saladin's iron portals.

The great gates, studded with iron points, swing heavily on their solid hinges beneath the frowning rocks that form the walls above. Here an endless throng of people pass each other in dense groups with incessant variations of colour. The soldier stands ward over the wide open portals, as the seneschal of the Middle Ages did at the portcullis. The Egyptian has his sword and baton only, with that far-away look in his eyes common to all these people, and which may imply deep-reaching thought or—vacuity. It is generally the latter. In comes the camel, just arrived from Mecca with the Sacred Carpet. The great lumbering, patient beast plods slowly on, while his rider shows the green turban and chooftan of the returned pilgrim to the shrine of Mahomet. I can never take my eyes away from a camel. These animals are so unwieldy; their gait is so slovenly and yet so soft; their heavy feet tread the earth so quietly, and the soles spread so widely upon the yielding sand, while their backs go up and down with such regularity when walking, that it makes one almost sea-sick to watch them. Yet I will do it. They come into the city from the gate of the Abbasiyeh road, bright with scarlet trappings, while bells ring and the crowd reverently and silently opens in the narrow street for

their passage to the citadel. There are camels and camels, some dusty and tired-looking, for they have travelled the thousand miles or more of desert sand between Cairo and Mecca and back again. To the base of the citadel they go, where the troops are drawn up in solid array and the grand vizier stands ready, with uncovered head, to receive the Sacred Carpet, while salvoes of artillery announce the glad event. It is carefully deposited in the royal treasury, there to remain until the next year, when it is again taken out and, with due pomp and solemnity, sent upon its long journey. The carpet is decorated with precious stones of immense value. Formerly a new one was provided each anniversary, but nowadays they make a carpet last five or six years. The one taken from Cairo is left at Mecca, and the one found there brought back to Cairo. Then, the following year, the two carpets again exchange places.

Leaving the square of Mehemet Ali in front of the citadel, where this ceremony took place, I turn back by the mosque and plunge into the Khariyeh street—the very centre of the life of Old Cairo. For there are two Cairos—the Old and the New. New Cairo contains the Ismalieh and Abbasiyeh quarters. The Ismalieh portion was a marsh for a good part of the year a century or so ago. Now it has all been filled in, graded, and numerous palaces

of the royal family and higher pashas built thereon. It is called the European quarter, and the streets running through it contain the shops where foreigners make their purchases. The thousands of Greeks, Italians, and Frenchmen who live permanently in Cairo inhabit this and the Abbasiyeh districts; though this latter portion of the city is occupied as well by the Jews, who number fifteen thousand in Cairo alone. They are Egyptian and Syrian Jews, having but little foreign blood. So, in that particular, their race is as pure as the despised fellaheen. They have lived side by side with the Copt and the fellah during all the changes of masters that have taken place in Egypt. Like the others, they are not very warlike; and, like them also, they have the most implicit faith in their religion. Synagogues in this quarter are more numerous than mosques, and the tenets of the Hebrew religion are strictly enforced. Nowhere in the East does one find free-thinkers or a loosening of the religious tie; and all believers of these separate creeds adhere firmly to the creed of their ancestors, and there are no converts. The Jew is entitled to sincere respect for the faith to which he has clung in Egypt. For he has been treated a little better than a dog, but a good deal worse than a camel. On state Moslem festivals he had to remain within his house, not being allowed to go

out until the people had dispersed. It was the law, in the first place; and if he did dare to venture forth, he was at once assailed with sticks and offal from the street. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, they lived and died there. For it was as much their country as that of the Copts and fellaheen, and more theirs than that of their conquerors. Before the English came they were the financiers of the kingdom, and even to-day the head of the treasury is a Jew. It is wonderful how this race accumulates money. They must have peculiar mental qualities not granted to the rest of mankind; or else, by a species of heredity, they have cultivated the money-making faculty until, in its use, they are superior to all others.

Here, as elsewhere, there are no poor Jews, and many rich ones. The only railway in Egypt that the Government does not own is the private property of a single Hebrew. Another of them was possessed of nearly the whole of the Abbasiyeh quarter, which has recently come into the market for building purposes. He has gained an enormous fortune. Some of the best houses are their property, and there are several banks in Cairo controlled entirely by the Hebrew element. They live very quietly and make no outward display of wealth. They only marry with their own race. For a Jewish girl to wed a Moslem or Copt would

be abhorrent to their usages. Those of Alexandria and Cairo, whose families have lived here long ages, are all more or less related to each other, for they have married and intermarried all the time. If there be a poor Jewish maiden of good repute whose family cannot give her the dowry which is so essential here, some one goes among the rich Hebrews to obtain the requisite sum. He gets a gift of five dollars from one, ten dollars from another, until he has collected five hundred dollars. This is given to the girl on the occasion of her marriage, and with it she has little difficulty in finding a husband. Jewish girls, like the Arab girls, marry at a very early age. Those married at fifteen and under are perhaps more numerous than those who marry afterwards.

The women have a costume for the street which is half-way between the Moslem and the Christian. They do not wear the yashmak or veil, but they are always enveloped in a soft black glossy cloak or covering, called a habbarah, which extends from the head to the heels. At will they can draw this over the head, and it covers the face quite as completely as the veil, with the advantage that it takes only a second to throw it back over the shoulders, where it rests like a hood.

They are not pretty, and they dress in execrable taste. The indolent habits of the Arab women

extend to the Jewesses. They neither sew, walk, nor read. All day long a Jewish girl remains in her father's house, with her feet curled up on the divan, talking with some of her many female relatives. For they visit each other in turn, day by day. In the evening she may take a carriage ride for an hour or so.

She never goes to a theatre, ball, or dinner. She rarely sees many men, for the marriages are usually arranged in infancy by the parents, and, after their early marriage, the husband does not allow her very much latitude. She has no life nor energy. She may speak French and Italian, which she acquired at a Jewish private school when a child; but she cannot write or read Arabic, her native tongue, nor does she have anything but the most vague idea of the world beyond Egypt. She is under the complete control of her husband, and never thinks of asking about his worldly affairs. The household matters are left entirely to the servants, who are engaged and dismissed by her husband. The marketing is done by them, and they account only to him. The upas tree of Moslem custom shadows the life of a woman in the East, of whatever religion she may be, and until it is removed there will be no change.

This is true also of the Copts. These latter are the descendants of the Christians. They number

perhaps half a million of the seven millions who live in Egypt. Their belief is something between the Catholic and the Greek Churches. They cannot be distinguished apart from the average Moslem. The Copts wear the fez and the turban, and dress exactly like all the others.

They live in the villages and towns, side by side with their Moslem and Jewish countrymen, in the greatest amity. With the former they are especially friendly. A little Copt Christian church, with the Greek cross above it, will be found by the side of a mosque in the poorest quarters of Cairo. They are not as rich as the Hebrews, and, perhaps, for that reason draw closer to the Moslem.

Many of them are cooks and clerks in small shops, and in other places where they are not called upon to do hard manual labour. But very few seem to have positions in the higher ranks of the army or civil departments. It must be remembered that all society here is composed of those in official positions. The pashas and beys have posts more or less important in the Government service. The superior officers in the Egyptian army are English, who are also officers in the English army. The various consuls and consuls-general, with their numerous attachés and subordinates, are very big guns indeed, and therefore the poor docile and patient Copts never mix with them in the society of official Cairo.

CHAPTER V.

THE COPTS AND HERMITS.

THESE Copts are of the same race as the hermits of Mount Sinai, described by George Ebers, and the very brothers of the monks of Cyril, whom Kingsley portrays. Yet these people bear little resemblance to those drawn in "Homo Sum" and "Hypatia." The hot, unsheltered slopes of Mount Sinai, with their dreary caves, would have no attraction for the modern Egyptian Christian. Still there is a charm in that monastic life of the early centuries, as pictured by Ebers, that has its spell. It cannot be so very hard, when one has tired of the world, to live, for a while at least, the simple and quiet existence of the recluse, in a spot very different from the dreary, gloomy recesses of the Trappists, who dwelt in darkness and in silence. It is only in cold Europe or America where the rain and the storms and the bleak winds drive one away from one's thoughts to the companionship of others for comfort.

It is in those vast wastes of Mount Sinai, conse-

crated by the presence of the Almighty, that men could go and rest for a while, content. Imagine the bright light of the day, where never a cloud is visible to darken the blue sky, bluer there than the deepest depths of oceans. The sudden night falls fast and black on the descent of the sun, but is lighted soon with the myriad eyes of the heavens. How quiet, how calm it is, far above the plains of Arabia below us, where not a tree, a bush, nor a single bird exists. The Mount Sinai hermit wants nothing near to cause other thoughts than those of abstract contemplation and reflection. Mahomet must have had this feeling, when he prohibited anything like birds, flowers, or statues in his temples. He had lived in Arabia, he had traversed these solitudes, and the calm, peaceful silence of the place, where God had once trodden the earth, must have impressed itself on his vigorous philosophical intellect, and produced this much-discussed law of the Koran.

One need not have any great sorrow to desire such a life. It does not follow that a man is morbid, or melancholy, or unfortunate, or unhappy. In the midst of pleasure and contentment, with good health, and with family and friends around, a man may often desire a change. Charles V. went to his convent cell, not that he was so much dissatisfied with the world, as tired and wanting rest and quiet. Men of the most active temperament, mentally and

physically, do at periods yearn for some kind of a life where they need not even think. Gambetta, on one occasion, went to a little watering-place in some unknown quarter of the coast of France. He stayed a month, not seeing a newspaper, a book, nor a person who knew him and to whom he would have to talk. He did nothing for four long weeks but sleep and gaze at the waves of the blue Mediterranean softly laving its northern shores. At that same time he was the most eminent statesman of France, and his future was bright with coming honours. He said afterwards that he was glad to have gone there and sorry to return to the world, though he did not for a moment imagine that he would have been content with that life for ever. So I suppose those men who willingly went to Mount Sinai to live were not all by any means unfortunates. It was not so very dreary. There were the sun and the moon and the stars, and a very little labour gave them water, bread, and vegetables, which was what they ate and drank. These Christians were not the first hermits either. The old Egyptians commenced everything, and we have only followed, not invented—that is to say, on religious matters. They had their monks and nuns, just as Ebers tells us in his truthful romances. They lived near Memphis and on the plateau where stand the Pyramids.

The monks were actually walled in, leaving only an aperture a foot square for their food and drink. This was on a level with the head, so they could stand and converse with their friends and watch the rising and the setting of the sun. What food they needed was always brought by relatives, who undertook their support in the hope that the increased sanctity of the immured monk would render his orisons to Ptah more helpful to the family. But his cell was built on the plain near where people lived, and the sun shone into his little room and made it cheery and warm. People talked with him, told the news of the day, and life in his narrowed orbit was not so hopeless.

In fact, in Egypt, life is never without its charms. No wonder these Egyptians do not leave their country. It may be for lack of ambition, but they are content to stay in this sunny land for all time. The ancients had a law prohibiting foreigners from settling or even visiting Egypt, and it is to the non-enforcement of this edict that the later misfortunes of the country are ascribed. It was never thought necessary to inhibit Egyptians from leaving Egypt if they chose, so little occasion was there. Who ever heard of Egyptians in Greece, or Phœnicia, or Asia Minor? Though so near to Greece, yet, at the time of the Trojan War, even Homer could only describe the people and the land

in the most vague and uncertain manner. Still the Egyptian scribes traced back their authentic history thirty centuries or more, even at that epoch. After all, they had lived long enough to learn something. They had existed as a nation fully as many centuries before the Trojan War as have elapsed since the days of Achilles. It is a pity that more of the history of those times is not known, for nothing could be more interesting than to learn how this land first became civilized, and how it gradually progressed from savagery to a condition of the highest culture.

They were great writers, not a mummy having been buried without some inscription, giving a brief account of the deceased. The name of the king and the year of his reign are also stated; but they never gave a date.

They had no chronology, as we understand it. Therein lies the obscurity and confusion of dynasties, whether they were contemporaneous or whether they succeeded each other. All the papyri found refer either to religious laws and customs, or to the personal deeds or effects of the dead. Naturally one does not expect to find a history or a romance in a mummy-case.

The libraries, if ever there were any, have entirely disappeared. Some people hope that a discovery may yet be made, near one of the numerous temples to the Sun, where the scribes were located, that will

give the world more exact knowledge; but it is very doubtful. It is stated by Flinders Petrie that recent excavations uncovered a stelé which gave the reign of a certain king of the sixth dynasty, and on the same stelé were some astronomical tables that, on inspection, showed the date of this monarch's era to have been about three thousand four hundred years before Christ; that is, over five thousand years ago. On that basis, and with this astronomical chart as a guide, Egyptian savants, who have to be astronomers as well, are now engaged in working out the problem of the duration of each of the previous dynasties. There is one singular feature that has only lately been known. Though the Copts of Alexandria and Cairo speak nothing but Arabic, like the Jews and Moslems, yet it appears that there is in Upper Egypt a race of Copts who converse in a dialect or language which, while possessing many of the Arabic words and phrases, is yet distinctly different. After Champollion had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the hieroglyphic language from the Rosetta stone and other sources to utter some of the words vocally, he was astonished to note their similarity in sound to a few of the phrases used in the Copt dialect. He thereupon set himself to work, made up a vocabulary of this modern Coptic used to-day in Upper Egypt in a few places, and, strange to say, found several

words which enabled him to decipher certain hieroglyphics that until then had been unintelligible. This suggests that the Copts must be the real descendants of the ancient Egyptians, for they only of all other peoples have preserved the hieroglyphic language, which was both written and spoken by the old inhabitants. So now, with this assistance, the whole of the hieroglyphic language is fairly well known, and no great difficulty will henceforward be found in reading the most abstruse papyri or the faintest-cut stone hieroglyphics, if they are not entirely illegible. How curious it is to know that the children of the worshipper of the Sun are now the followers of the humble Christ; that the descendants of those who carved the Sphinx, who built Karnak and Memphis, now kneel at the shrine of the Nazarene!

Zoroaster, Gautama, and Mahomet, though appealing in their religions to the material and sensual influences that operate so powerfully on the Oriental mind, have not attached to their doctrines these children of Ammon-Ra and Rameses. They have had but two faiths since Egypt was first peopled. The first was that of the sun, which was natural to those primitive races, who found it the unfailing source of warmth and life; being, moreover, without any other evidences of divine authority. And afterwards came the softening and chaste spirit of Chris-

tianity, before which this material worship, that had long been degraded to a parody on its early beginnings, gave way, as the bad must give way to the good, leaving nothing but a memory behind. It is a dead religion, with not a single believer or devotee among the millions now living.

CHAPTER VI.

SAKKARA AND MEMPHIS.

THE Apis tombs of black polished granite, ranged in such regular order under the golden sands of Sakkara cemetery, are all empty. The long vaulted passages cut through the solid rock, so deep and so far that the temperature does not change the year round, contain nothing but cold hard stone. Royal resting-places they were for the white bull, better than that of most of the kings. Sixty-four of these imposing granite sarcophagi, each of which is made of a single stone, lie in the opened passages of the burial-vaults. They are hollowed out in a square form, being deep and wide enough to contain the body of a bull standing. Both the inside and outside surfaces are polished to a high degree, and the outside, which also is square, is sometimes written on with hieroglyphs. The sides and bottom are about two feet thick, and they are cut as smoothly and regularly as if they were of the softest wood, instead of the hardest and most unyielding stone in the world

These sixty-four coffins embrace a period of sixteen hundred years, for the life of each bull was limited to twenty-five years. If one died before the expiration of that time another was found to take his place, and the two were interred in the same sepulchre, which was quite large enough. If, on the contrary, some long-lived bovine had the temerity to exist beyond his allotted period, he was, after due religious preparations and warnings given to him, incontinently ducked in the Nile until he was dead. After the execution the body of the defunct was carefully embalmed, and, escorted by every one, king, nobles, army, and people, it was placed, with due decorum and solemn ritual, in the coffin years before prepared for its reception. For as soon as one bull died the sepulchre for his successor was begun, in the rocks underlying the Libyan sands. Five hundred miles away, up the Nile at Syene, an immense block of granite was cut out of the mountains, and with incredible labour and patience, fashioned into the shape that we see it to-day. It came down the tranquil river in a large flat boat constructed especially for its safe conveyance to Memphis, and was carried through the city of the living to the city of the dead, built on the sands of the Libyan desert. Then, with "dirges due and sad array," it was borne on a gigantic sled, drawn by many horses, to the place of interment. There, with devious

toil, and by means that we do not certainly know, it was taken hundreds of feet under the earth, transported along the lateral passages to the sepulchre, where it was finally to remain and wait for its burden.

For the ceremonies attendant on the reception of the stone coffin from Syene were only less impressive than the burial of the historic Apis himself. All this took place just where the sands of the desert meet the level plain yearly covered by the Nile in its rising. On this plain once stood Memphis, perhaps the first capital city that was ever built on this earth. It was old and decaying when Jonah was describing the glories and prophesying the fall of Nineveh. It was a sacred shrine even then hoary with antiquity, when Nebuchadnezzar fed upon grass and roots for seven years near the hanging gardens of his palace in Babylon. Some old chronicler says that the Nile once ran where afterwards stood Memphis, and that Menes turned the river more to the east in order to build his new city on its dry and fertile bed, loamy with yielding deposit.

Unless they had high embankments on the Nile the city must have been covered with water for two or three months every year at the time of the rise of the river. There are no traces of these possible embankments remaining, and as the ground is low,

it would have involved a great deal of labour, some evidence of which ought yet to exist. So one is forced to the conclusion that they must have walked around in boats during that period. The temples, especially the Grand Temple to Ptah, which was the Memphian name for the sun, were built upon elevated terraces, and in all the houses, even of the poorest, the door-sills were about two feet above the streets.

The houses were of large heavy bricks, made of Nile mud baked in the sun. The bricks were eighteen inches long, fifteen wide, and four inches thick. They make the same kind of bricks to-day, and most of the villages on the Nile are built of them. These bricks resist the action of water wonderfully well, and when the summer comes are almost as hard and solid as if of stone.

Memphis must have been a very large city, but no accurate statement of its population and extent has ever come down to us. It was the capital of Egypt for over twenty-five centuries, until some of the later Pharaohs built Thebes, a hundred leagues farther up the river.

In Rameses' time, fourteen centuries before Christ, Thebes was the principal city, and Memphis held only a secondary place. All the Pyramids were built by the Memphian Pharaohs, including those of Sakkara as well as the Great Pyramids. The

Sphinx was also carved out of the solid rock by one of its monarchs. They worshipped the bull even in those early days, and drawings have been discovered, on some of the most ancient tombs, illustrating the obsequies of the dead bull-god. The men wore only a cloth extending from the waist to the knee. The dress of the women was nearly the same as the men. Soldiers and statesmen, Pharaohs and peasants, had no other costume. The priests in the temple, the soldiers in the camp, the tillers in the fields, were all dressed alike. One might believe that it must have been appreciably warmer in Egypt five thousand years ago than it is now, for that little covering to the form would hardly suffice for the many cold days that every winter brings to Cairo. Cairo is only ten miles south of Memphis on the other side of the Nile.

The plain of Memphis extends twenty miles up and down the river, and is two or three miles wide back to the sandy hills where the dead are buried.

We are given to understand that all this space was included in the city walls. But then, like Nineveh and Babylon of later days, it was not wholly covered with houses. Many parts of the enclosed space were cultivated, and they could grow two crops every year. It was said that Memphis could raise within its walls enough of lentils and rice to supply its immense population for half the

year. It gradually fell into ruin after the capital was removed to Thebes.

But before then it had been attacked and taken several times by foreign enemies, and doubtless many of the public buildings destroyed. To-day the whole of the site is covered with palm groves.

Many acres are cultivated, and they produce famous cotton in the very precincts of the Grand Temple of Ptah, perhaps the first grand shrine of a people or nation to the Hereafter that ever was erected.

There is absolutely nothing left of the old city except the granite statue of Rameses, and that is very modern, having been placed opposite the temple of Ptah only thirty-three centuries ago, when Memphis was in its decadence.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PYRAMIDS.

To visit the Pyramids in September is decidedly different from going in December. In the former month the Nile is in inundation, and spreads far and wide over the land; in the latter it is confined to its original channel. We started out one burning morning—Mlle. Rose, her brother, and myself. Mlle. Rose is a young Egyptian Jewess, born and raised in Cairo, as were her parents and grandparents. At the Cairo private schools she acquired a knowledge of English, French, Italian, all of which she talks fairly, Arabic being her native tongue, as it is in fact the language of the whole of the East. Her father was my landlord, living in the neighbouring mansion, and Rose and myself naturally became well acquainted. She may not be as famous as Byron's "Maid of Athens," but to my mind she is quite as pretty, with her midnight tresses, lustrous eyes, and clear white face. These Egyptian girls, when beautiful, are all of the

Cleopatra type—dark and haughty. They have not much education, but they do not need it. Learning is a useless incumbrance to them. I must say also, with truth, that the mysteries of the kitchen, sewing, and all those other accomplishments which we consider so necessary to our ladies, are trifles which do not trouble the Egyptian girls. All Mlle. Rose did, that I knew of, was gathering flowers in the late afternoon when it was cool, and—smoking cigarettes after dinner in the moonlight.

I dislike to say it, but it is lamentably true that every one in Egypt, of both sexes and all ages, is addicted to the abominable cigarette. From the girl of twelve to the great-grandmother of seventy, they all smoke. I have often remonstrated with Rose, saying that her fair sisters in England and America would be shocked at such doings; but she replied, "Oh, well, if they lived in Cairo and had nothing to do but look at the sun and the moon and gather bouquets, perhaps they would like a cigarette also." I had no answer to give to this kind of logic, so said nothing.

Mlle. Rose and her brother had lived in Cairo all their lives, yet this was their first visit to the Pyramids, though but six miles away. On the road by Gizerah we passed a large palace, which was built by Ismail Pasha for the reception of the Empress Eugénie when she visited Egypt on the

opening of the Suez Canal. Rose told me *en route* a curious legend, which, she says, is firmly believed in by all the Arabs, and is now chanted at the street corners in the moonlight with the dreamy tales of the "Arabian Nights."

There formerly dwelt in Cairo a venerable dervish who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca three times. He lived in the odour of sanctity, and was reputed to have often foretold events before they had happened. Eugénie was very superstitious, and, hearing of this old hermit and astrologer, conceived the idea of going to see what he might say. Accordingly, one evening she dressed in very ordinary costume, and, attended by only one faithful servant, slipped out of the palace by a secluded entrance through the garden, and went to the house of the old man. She had no sooner entered, not having yet removed her veil, when he arose, made a low obeisance, and said—

"Welcome! You are thrice welcome, oh empress, to my humble abode."

Eugénie, astonished and troubled, said, "How do you know I am the empress, and who told you I was coming here?"

The dervish replied, "The stars and Mahomet know everything. I knew since your arrival in Egypt that you would come to me, and I have patiently awaited every night, for afterwards I am

commanded by Allah to make my last journey to Mecca and die."

The empress, tortured by doubts and fears, was about to leave, for she feared what this mysterious man might tell her; but her haughty Castilian blood was aroused, and she turned to him proudly, saying, "Well, then, I am the empress. That is true, though I cannot understand how you know it, for I have told no one except the attendant with me. But never mind that. Tell me what you can of my future, and tell me truly." She offered him at the same time the palm of her hand to scan, as is the custom with the gipsies.

But the old seer did not touch the jewelled fingers. Raising himself to his full height and dropping his staff, he held his hands aloft as in invocation to Allah, and, looking down pityingly on the dark figure of the empress, who stood motionless below him, he murmured, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet. At your birth the stars foretold for you great power and greater sorrow. For your happiness will be only temporary, while your sorrow will last for ever. You are doomed to lose your country, your throne, your husband, and your son, and wander alone through the world like a lost star. These events will not happen at once, for the blow would kill you, and your punishment would not be sufficient. To you as empress it will

not be permitted to enter the land of your dead son and husband except by permission of those you now despise. You will have to seek a home with strangers, and the dress of woe will never leave your form. Your jewels will be but teardrops, and your rich robes as a dry oasis in the desert. I have said."

He had scarce ceased when the empress, frenzied with rage and terror, threw at his feet a purse of gold, crying, "Oh, you base impostor! Take the fruit of your lies and let me out of this den." And she turned quickly and ran out into the fresh night air, followed by her attendant; not so soon, however, but that the last words of the old Arab came distinctly to her ears—

"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet. Though you refuse to believe and try to forget now, yet is what I say true, and hereafter you will remember. For it is writ in the stars and the Book of the Prophet, and will commence before you are aware."

The next day, afraid that she might complain of him to the Khedive, the old astrologer hastened to leave Cairo, but was taken ill and died shortly afterwards on the road to Mecca. This was in 1869.

The Empress returned to France, and the next year came the war and Sedan, followed by the death

of Napoleon at Chislehurst, and that of the Prince Imperial in South Africa!

In the course of a couple of hours we were at the base of the big Pyramid. The inundation extended from the Nile to the foot of the rocky terrace upon which the Pyramids are built, a distance of five miles. It was about five feet deep, and would easily float flat-bottomed boats, loaded with the stones of which the Pyramids are constructed. So, after all, it could not have been so very difficult to bring them there, for the quarries are only a few miles up the river on the other side, and it must have been easy to quarry and transport on boats of light draught right to the foot of the plateau, a sufficient quantity of rock to keep the workmen employed during the dry months when the Nile recedes.

Rose valiantly said she would go with us to the top, being induced thereto, as she confessed afterwards, by the dread of being left alone with the fierce-looking Arabs who swarmed around us the moment we arrived. There is a tribe of desert Arabs to whom, with their sheikh, the Khedive has granted the privilege of caring for the Pyramids. Their number is forty, and cannot be exceeded. They are the most accomplished beggars in existence, and talk all languages equally badly. They would get at the purse of a Yankee wooden-nutmeg vendor, or induce a Methodist parson to

surrender some of his hard-earned missionary money. I made a solemn agreement with them at the beginning, for I had been there before, that they were to show our party every one of the sights for three dollars, backsheesh and all. The compact was not signed and sealed in blood, but it was made in the presence of our whole party, the coachman and horses included, on one side, and of the sheikh and his head men on the other. When we left, four hours afterwards, tired and exhausted, they had extracted from my pockets three sovereigns, in lieu of three dollars, and I thought that I was a pretty good American in looking out for myself abroad. If ever I go again, I will only take a certain sum with me; that is the safest remedy I can suggest.

Well, we got to the top, took photographs by the "Kodak," came part way down, entered the King's and Queen's chambers, ascended the third Pyramid to a certain height, and went beneath the rock to visit its burial-chambers also. After trying to count the stones of which the third Pyramid is composed, and then estimating the number of years that a woman, even a princess of those days, lived, I think that Herodotus is an old humbug, and that the chronicler of the "Arabian Nights" is a respectable paragon of veracity compared with the old Greek, who tells us these yarns with such becoming sedateness.

THE PYRAMIDS. *To face page* 64.

Most of the present crop of Egyptologists are agreed that the Pyramids were built over six thousand years ago; that is to say, in the era of the fourth dynasty, four thousand two hundred years before Christ. It must be remembered that we have learned very much more now of ancient Egyptian history than was known in the days of Herodotus. In that era there were no Greek scholars in Egypt; nor were there histories or any information by which people in general, even if they could read, would have been able to gather the history of these lands. The priests, who were a hereditary caste, and who served in the temples, the son taking his father's place, had meagre details of each king's reign and each dynasty's existence inscribed on papyrus paper and placed as archives within the inner sanctuaries of the larger temples. Herodotus did not see these, of course, for he was a Greek, and, besides, could not read the hieroglyphic language in which they were written; but the priests told him many things which he has recounted.

A hundred years or so afterwards, in the fourth century before Christ, one Manetho, an Egyptian priest, acquired the Greek language. He went to work and copied from the archives of the temple at Heliopolis, to which he was attached, the list of dynasties and kings which he found inscribed there, and, so to speak, published it in Greek. This is the

first and only complete list of the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt that has ever been known, and is the source from which all subsequent writers draw their supplies. But part of Manetho's book has been lost, and so, like a puzzle, every one has since been filling in the lacuna as his knowledge, judgment, and prejudices prompt.

Thus it is that writers differ so much in the ancient chronology of Egypt. It would not have given rise to such great arguments, perhaps, were it not that the chronology of the Bible comes into question. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the four thousand and four years from the Deluge to the coming of Christ, given in the margin of our Bibles, with the twenty-six consecutive dynasties of Manetho, extending over a period of five thousand years, without counting the four centuries intervening between the Egyptian priest and the beginning of the Christian era.

But there has been one certain method of finding out little by little the truth of Manetho's statements. Every Pharaoh of old Egypt had a fashion of leaving behind, before he was well mummified, some sculpture, or some obelisk, or some building or part of a building, on which he had inscribed his name. He also left his cartouche, a medallion cut in the rock, which was nothing more nor less than his visiting card. On it was written not only his own

name, but the names of the Pharaohs of his own dynasty who had preceded him, and usually also the dynasties that existed prior to that as well. Thus every cartouche found is a little epitome of history in itself, and serves to fix the date of the monarch's reign indubitably in the minds of Egyptologists.

Fifty years ago, very little indeed was known of Egyptian history before the days of Herodotus. It was shrouded in darkness and mystery, as it had been since the Roman conquest. But two men, Belzoni and Bruce, each for himself, came over to Egypt on an antiquarian tour. They obtained permission from Mehemet Ali, the reigning Khedive, and commenced digging. One of them found some tombs of the kings up the Nile, near Thebes. The other effected an entrance into two of the Pyramids, and found in the third largest one a mummy and case, which, as usual, were sent to England, where all the good things go. The success of these investigations stimulated inquiry and research. Associations were formed in various countries of Europe, funds were subscribed, and a uniform system of excavation, with the concurrence of the Egyptian Government, was commenced, and is kept up to this day. There are English, French, and German Egyptian Exploration Societies, and each institution has its representatives here, who yearly send home

the reports of their labour, and very often also send the things that they find. But the present Egyptian Government has very properly established new regulations. Nowadays, when any discovery is made, the antiques found, whether mummies, sculptures, or anything else, are first submitted to the head of the National Museum at Cairo. Everything that is original, or of a new type, or peculiarly valuable, is retained for the museum; the rest goes to the country of the explorer. For this reason the choicest finds remain in Egypt, where they of right ought to be. Innumerable little statuettes of the various gods and goddesses that constituted the Egyptian Pantheon are unearthed from time to time, and as these are mostly duplicates, they are permitted to leave the country, and can be found in the Egyptian department of most European museums.

These last fifty years of laborious and scientific research have opened to us a vista of the past history of the oldest nation in the world. The Egyptians have done everything they could to help us and prevent themselves from being forgotten. Almost every individual of importance had written on his coffin, in indelible characters, his name, occupation, where he lived, and the name of the Pharaoh who then sat on the throne of Egypt. Many of them had also placed within their coffins rolls of papyri, giving an account of themselves and

family in great detail, and, once in a while, of some important event, connected with the history of Egypt, that occurred during their life. These writings are read to-day with almost as much ease as Greek and Latin. In Cairo there are men who can, and do occasionally, converse in the old hieroglyphic language. Does it not seem strange that this language, used daily for fifty centuries by a cultivated, intelligent people, was so entirely lost to the world that these hieroglyphics became wholly unintelligible until less than a century ago! It appears impossible that this could have occurred, as Egypt was always known, inhabited, and in daily connection with the civilized world from the remotest times; and one can only wonder, when a language was thus buried like Pompeii for two thousand years, what kind of people were those who lived in the dark ages when it happened. All this easily explains the reason why so little was known of Egypt a thousand years ago, compared with our present knowledge. Late last century, at Rosetta in Egypt, was found a stone of black polished basalt. It had long inscriptions in three languages, one in the Greek, one in the cuneiform or Assyrian, and one in the hieroglyphic or old Egyptian. Champollion, a French savant, found that this was a stone set up by the priest of a certain temple in Lower Egypt, thanking one of the Ptolemies for repairing their sacred edifice in an

inscription identical in the three languages. Therefore, by comparing the Greek with the cuneiform and hieroglyphic characters, a number of letters of the latter language were deciphered. With these as guides, the rest was easily acquired, so that if old Rameses should arise from his coffin at the Gizerah Museum, where he lies, a king among kings, he could easily find some one to converse with him in his own tongue. And if he was told that he had slept three thousand years, at first he would not believe it.

For he would see the Pyramids looking not a day older than when he last gazed upon them. The Nile itself, the old sweet serpent Nile, would be flowing in the same channel, just as quiet, stately, and gentle as when he took the mummy of his father across in the Golden Boat, and placed it in its regal sarcophagus amid the rock-tombs of Thebes, his capital city. The brown and sunburnt girls of Egypt, with their erect, lithe forms, would pass before him, carrying on their heads the same kind of water-jar that he so well remembered. The same glass bracelets were on their arms, the same silver and bronze serpents on their bare ankles. The same bead necklaces were wound about their throats, and their black tresses were covered with the ancient nets, many of which still lie buried on their owners' brows, deep in the cool recesses of the Memphian necropolis. He would find nothing

changed. Ra shone just as kindly and warmly as when, on the confines of Syria, single-handed he held a whole army at bay. It was still the great god, imparting vigour and life to all breathing beings in the world. Osiris, Isis, and Horus were yet represented on the obelisk at On or Heliopolis, which was ages old when he was born. How well he remembered the day when he returned thither, a triumphant conqueror over the Khita and the Amorites! How well he remembered being drawn in his chariot to the sacrifice at the Temple of the Sun, by the six kings whom he had brought captive in his train! But where was this temple now? That, without a doubt, was the old obelisk of Osurtasen of blessed memory! But where was its brother companion, that kept watch and ward with it, like tall giants, over the world below? Where was the avenue of sphinxes leading up to the temple doors from the two obelisks? Not one was there. Yet he remembered that he had himself repaired two of them, placed there two thousand years before by the same Osurtasen. It was strange that they should have gone too. And the grand temple, with its glorious statues of Osiris and Anubis, with its golden doors, its grand courts and lofty colonnades, through which he used to wander with the high priest, communing on the mysticism of life, while the goddess Isis, high up in the heavens, sent to him in

the coolness of the night her beneficent and silver rays. Ah, where was that indeed?

And why did not the hundreds of priests, who then made their abode at the grand Temple of the Sun, come forth in a procession to meet him, Rameses, as formerly, with clashing of cymbals and bowed heads, singing the praises of Ra, the sun-god? And now he remembered also that none of those big-nosed slaves of Jews from the south, whom he made to build his temples at Thebes and his grand structures throughout Egypt, had been seen by him. It was true that the leader of them, after killing an Egyptian soldier of his army, had, in fear of him, run away from justice and punishment, and hid far from Egypt in the deserts of Arabia. Could it have been possible that this despised Hebrew, this Moses, had dared to return and take his people away from Egypt, as he had heard he once said he would do? And why did his soldiers and his people permit them to go? Why did they not yet work according to the tasks he had given them, making bricks without straw, and building more monuments to the everlasting fame of Ra and Rameses?

The old Pharaoh would not understand this, nor many other events that have occurred since he was placed by the side of his father and grandfather.

Yet, as he went back across the Nile toward the

RAMESES II. *To face page* 72.

the construction of a hotel, then rapidly nearing completion. Just think of it! After covering the third Pyramid with their polished surfaces for sixty centuries, they are now being taken away to serve the base purposes of a tourists' hotel! And this is being done by the English, for an Englishman has the privilege from the Khedive of using these casing-stones for his hotel. Of course the Khedive never would have granted such a permission, so much against the sentiment of his people, his country, and the whole world, if the English had not control in Egypt. It must have been forced from him; and I can only express my complete surprise and disappointment that Sir Evelyn Baring, the real master here, permitted this thing to be done. There is no record, in all the ages past, of anything but temples for the dead ever having been erected on the plateau where stand the Pyramids and the Sphinx. These works of the long-distant days have stood alone and solitary, the men of later and lesser eras not having dared to build or dwell near or among them. This casing, which remained as it fell for countless ages, now, in this "glorious nineteenth century," is taken away in wicker baskets to make a ten-shilling-a-day hotel.

About a thousand years ago the son of Caliph Haroun al-Raschid, of "Arabian Nights" legends, found, after long researches, the entrance to the

principal Pyramid. He hoped to discover treasure, and broke up the flooring in the centre of the King's chamber, where stands the red granite sarcophagus, the object of such fanatical attention and mystery by Piazzi Smith, Grant Bey, and many other savants. Piazzi Smith, who was the Egyptologist of the British Museum, wrote a ponderous volume of six hundred pages to prove that this sarcophagus, which he declares is the exact centre of the physical mundane world, is the unit of measure and weight from whence have been derived all the weights and measures now in existence. He also holds that the builders of the Pyramid must have known, from these facts, the dimensions of the world, and that it was round. He asserts I do not know how many other plausible and interesting things, and finally proclaims that this immense structure, costing the labour of one hundred thousand men for twenty years, which has been the marvel and wonder of mankind and the world from its first building to the present time, had for its only purpose and design the reception of this simple lidless sarcophagus. He does not believe the mummy of Cheops the builder, or any other mummy of past-and-gone Pharaohs, at any time reclined at comfortable ease away from the glare and dust in this spacious and vaulted apartment.

I advise every one who takes an interest in these

Egyptian puzzles to read his book. For curious and ingenious deductions and scintillating theories, drawn from solid scientific knowledge as a basis, this matter-of-fact, learned individual has equalled in wild imaginings and intricate plots anything written by the modern novelist. His long studies and many visits to the Pyramid seem to have completely bewitched him and transformed didactic science into rampant enthusiasm. But as it has been to him, so it is to others. The doubt that will always remain as to whether such a marvellous mausoleum could have been made for only one body, and the many peculiarities of its formation, lead numbers of people to evolve reasons for its existence not at all compatible with accepted conclusions.

We do not even know how the stones, weighing two or three tons each, were transported up the sides of the Pyramid. Dr. Grant Bey, who has lived in Cairo for twenty years, and is of good repute as a savant, contends that horses walked up an inclined causeway, dragging the stones after them, and then went down on the other side. Mariette Bey, the antiquarian who, until his death, was in charge, by authority of the Egyptian Government, of all excavations and of the museum, says that they had no horses in Egypt at that time. So what is one going to do when the giants themselves are thus at loggerheads?

The only way out of the difficulty is, I think, to believe the one that sounds most romantic and attractive. It is just as likely to be true as any of the others.

Mariette Bey was one of those men who fell under the glamour and the weird magnetism of these antique Egyptian lands, with their glorious edifices built for eternity and the gods, rather than for time and men. He was a Frenchman, and came to Egypt thirty odd years ago, at the solicitation of a French Egyptian Society, to make some little excavations.

He did so, sent back the result, and remained. He could not leave. A fascination stronger than that of Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, held him in the land of Cleopatra.

It was then the custom for the Khedive to grant permits to certain persons, foreigners of course, to make explorations. They could, with little difficulty, on payment of some backsheesh, take with them their discoveries and leave Egypt denuded. This was done principally by museums and other public institutions in Europe, but still it was wrong. One could see a better collection of Egyptian antiquities in most of the European capitals than in Cairo. Mariette witnessed this vandalism and resolved to stop it, if possible. He made strong representations to the Khedive. The latter finally refused to grant

indiscriminate permits, and a little later placed Mariette in charge of the Egyptian Museum, such as it was, which then existed in Cairo. He then, as the antiquarian authority of the native Government, made explorations where and when he chose. All works and excavations undertaken by others were under his authority and supervision, while the Government retained anything found which it was thought desirable to keep in Egypt. This beneficent change very soon made the museum here the repository of many of the ancient works and mummies, so that it is to-day the most interesting and valuable receptacle for Egyptian antiquities in existence, as it certainly ought to be.

Mariette was indefatigable, and as pleasant as the Nile in spring time, except when he met a savant who differed from him. Then dread war arose and the heavens were filled with clamour. They say here that he and Piazzi Smith could never meet without a wordy dispute, and that they both heartily abhorred each other, which did not prevent them, however, from going at it again hammer and tongs at every opportunity. He and Grant Bey were going to the Pyramids one evening, and the phlegmatic Scotchman became so angry in the inevitable wrangle which, of course, took place, that he jumped from the carriage and footed it back to Cairo, swearing he would never talk with or listen to Mariette

Bey again as long as he lived. It has always been so with those who undertake to elucidate the mystery of the Pyramids, though to most it seems that they are immense tombs, and nothing more.

There are a number of Pyramids south of the three largest ones, beyond the site of Memphis on the desert slopes, and most of them are thought to be of higher antiquity than the Great Pyramids. They are not so large, and are built in a crude, inartistic manner, of smaller blocks of limestone. The Step Pyramid of Sakkara is composed of large sun-dried bricks, and is so called because it is constructed in successive platforms, four in number. This Pyramid was first raised to a certain height almost square up to the top, though tapering a little inwardly. Then a second stage was built on the top of the first one, leaving a space clear to the edge of the first, and so on to the apex. It is about two hundred feet in height, and is said to be the very oldest of all the Pyramids. Its date is assigned to the third dynasty, about five centuries before the Great Pyramid was built. The advance in architecture and finished skill between the rude Step Pyramid of Sakkara and that admirable conception of man's genius and power, the Great Pyramid of Cheops, is marvellous. Five hundred years in those primæval days would seem to be hardly enough. The Step Pyramid, as well as all the others at

Sakkara in the Necropolis of Memphis, were unquestionably intended as tombs. They are built in a cemetery. They all have burial-chambers. Coffins and bodies have been found in nearly every one of them, and those that did not possess such had clearly been rifled.

The prospect from Sakkara is dreary and desolate. All around is nothing but dead wastes of drifting sand, half covering yawning shafts, the entrances to tombs that have been discovered and opened from time to time. The one or two that are open for the inspection of visitors have to be continually kept clear, though they are on the surface of the ground. No need here for men to guard the dead from the desecration of our modern ghouls.

The desert takes care of its treasures most safely. A Stewart or a Vanderbilt could be buried here, and in a decade the tomb would be covered with a white shroud, glistening in the African sun, but telling no tale of what slumbers beneath. The Libyan Desert is like the sea. It gives up its jewels only after many centuries, and when oblivion has covered all. The celebrated tomb of Ti, which was discovered only thirty or forty years ago, is four thousand five hundred years old, yet the sands have kept the colours and pigments on the walls so fresh and clear that it is almost impossible to believe that they were not painted this century, nay, this

very generation. The almond-eyed girls carrying their baskets, filled with the clustering and ripe fruits of the Nile, poised on their heads with such charming grace, pass before us on the walls in a long procession, as we may see them day by day in the bazaars of Cairo.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

THE Egyptian religion nowhere seems to give currency to the idea of life again returning to dead bodies. There is, however, an obscure passage in the "Book of the Dead," which permits the assumption that their belief was that, after three thousand years, the second spirit—for they imagined there were two—would again enter into its mummy and walk forth into light and sunshine. Certainly the greatest care was taken of the bodies, both in the embalming process and in the secrecy with which they were entombed. Modern science does not to-day completely understand the old Egyptian methods of embalming, that is, the system employed anterior to the Persian conquest. Then the process, which took quite three months, was so thorough that bodies can now, thousands of years after, be exposed to the action of the atmosphere without any destructive results. In the museum at Cairo are mummies, under a glass case, that are said to be four thousand

years old. The glass cover is lifted daily to satisfy visitors, and the eyes, teeth, and general physiognomy are more clearly outlined in them than they would be in a body disentombed to-morrow after being twenty years embalmed in Europe or America. After Cambyses there was a perceptible lowering both of the care and cost necessary to properly treat the dead. The nation was under a foreign yoke, from which they made three several desperate efforts to escape, but without success. With the decline of their power came also a loss both of wealth and of that religious and filial spirit which made their ancestors so careful and conscientious in performing the last rites over their fathers. So that mummies unearthed belonging to this later era, of which there are many, for the custom was faithfully continued, are neither as enduring nor so valuable as the older ones. It is these comparatively modern mummies that are now sold or given away to institutions and individuals. The museum which through Mariette's suggestion claims possession of every mummy discovered in the country, always has numbers of them for sale in a fair state of preservation. Sometimes in excavating they run across a cemetery of mummies, and take them away as they are needed, just as one takes wood from the shed for the winter's consumption.

Even the Christians continued the practice of

embalming their dead long after their religion had become the dominant one. For though they changed their creed, the Egyptians retained many of the ancient customs of the Pharaonic era. In the third century the Serapeum at Alexandria was destroyed by a most Christian mob. The Serapeum was the last temple devoted to the rites of Osiris in Egypt. All the others had been purified and dedicated to the new religion from Palestine, while many of them had been suffered to fall into such ruins as Egypt's peerless climate would permit.

It was a stately and imposing structure, built in the most elevated part of the city of Alexandria, with grand colonnades of immense porphyry pillars, and cloistered courts wherein the priests of the old time were wont to meditate. It was, of course, comparatively modern in date, and was constructed after Alexander's time; and in the fourth century after Christ, when the mob destroyed it by fire, the reigning Emperor Theodosius issued a decree prohibiting the exercise of the pagan religion of the Pharaohs in Egypt, and this seems to have acted also, although not strictly enjoined, in a deterrent manner on the process of embalming. For the two were apparently so strongly wedded together in all the past centuries that the eclipse of the one took with it the other. Nevertheless up to that time the Christians appear to have very generally, if not

universally, embalmed their dead. Especially is this true in Upper Egypt, far above Cairo, where was apparently a dense population. So that there is a perfect harvest of Christian mummies awaiting an opportunity to adorn a doctor's office in San Francisco, or else to become the companions of some comparatively modern Aztec in the city of Mexico.

Over the world they go, scattered here and there, until, if they ever do rehabilitate their bodies, they will find it hard to get back to old Egypt, the land of their birth, without help. Just imagine some one who lived in these old bones and flesh hunting all over creation to find them in a glass case at the Bohemian Club at San Francisco! He would see that his face was a little blacker than when he knew it last. He would be surprised to notice his shrunk shanks, and would swear that the embalmers must have taken some of the solid parts away from his abdomen, once portly with good living and drinking. It could never have become so small if they had not done so! And if he finally entered into his body, how should he discover his way to Alexandria? He would go out of the club into the street, to find a murky atmosphere such as he never knew in sunny Egypt, and a dense fog in the misty evening would chill his thin frame, weakened by two thousand years of abstinence. The few stars that he might gaze upon above would not be familiar

to him. He could not remember that he had ever seen them before, nor could he recall anything like them in the charts of the heavens that he had often pored over, for he was a student at the Alexandrian library. Moreover, the firmament had not that clear sapphire blue, nor were the stars as large and brilliant as when he lived and walked upon the earth. The people dressed differently. Where were the loose-fitting, many-coloured robes that made the streets of Alexandria so attractive? Where were the scarlet silks of the women, the purple and white of the men? Instead, he beheld close-fitting, heavy, sombre garments, that made him think these persons must be in perpetual mourning. He saw a certain building, and knew that it was dedicated to the religion of Christ, to which he had been converted before he died, by the cross which was on the top of the high steeple. He entered, but in the dim light coming through the stained windows was nothing that he recalled. The gorgeous cushions, the carpeted floor, the heavy oaken pews, the towering organ with its many pipes, the vaulted and arched roof that seemed to be so far above, almost appalled him. In his land and time all sacred edifices were open to the sunshine, the moonlight, and the rays of the stars. Every one knelt on the floors of packed sand, and completed their orisons without these costly and gorgeous surroundings.

And why did they close the building at the top? Did such a thing as rain come there? And, if it did, though he could hardly comprehend it, surely there was not so much as to shut out the pleasant, cheerful sunlight!

Again, in the streets he saw strange vehicles moving rapidly along, carrying multitudes of people. There were neither camels nor horses nor men attached, yet they moved so fast that he could not keep pace with them. What influence was it that performed this marvellous miracle? He knew that there was but one true God, yet he felt that he was not upon the earth. Could it be, indeed, that some of the tales told of the old gods of pagan times were true, and that they yet dwelt among us?

He went out into the country, and saw flying over the land, at a speed equal to that of the sacred ibis, strange things, long and broad and heavy, breathing forth flame and smoke, and making noises such as he never dreamt of before. In quiet, toiling Egypt they had none of that. He went to the water. There upon its surface were immense vessels, without sails, but with huge black pipes. They were so large that they could not enter the Nile at Alexandria, yet, though there was no wind, they moved over the water so fast that they were soon out of sight. He marvelled at all these wonders and did not know what to think. Still, though these

people were apparently rich, powerful, and prosperous, he wanted to go back to Memphis, Pelusium, and Alexandria, for they were so different from his own in their ways. Though he appeared very odd indeed, with his thin attenuated frame, large ghastly black eyes, and discoloured body, which was neither brown nor black nor white, for the blood was now coursing through his veins, and he looked different from what he did at first, yet this new race in this new land never noticed him. They were so intent on their own affairs, on money-getting, that they had no time to stop and accost him. No one looked at him; none observed the singularity of his attire. In fact, he was entirely unnoticed, and felt himself indeed "a stranger in a strange land." Far different was it in the country of his people, where they reposed during the early part of the afternoon; where they had hours and hours of pleasant religious and philosophical disputations in the cafés during the cool hours of the evening. For there no one hurried and few laboured, while the sun always shone and the stars were ever bright. For that was the land where the lotus flower, with its wide-spreading leaves, and the soft and tender papyri lay shimmering on the water's edge, while the tall palm, with its lofty branches, cast a shadow over all. Ah yes! he would go back to old Egypt, sleeping in the deathless sunlight, rather than stay in the too active new world.

And that is the way some of us who live in the new world feel to-day. There is too much haste and work; too much anxiety to get rich, and too little time to stop and think. We live too fast, and die too soon. We have but few holidays, and do not intermit money-making even then. We may be the greatest nation in the world, but we get little real pleasure out of life. We certainly are not examples to hold up for the emulation of other lands.

But I know that most Americans who come over here come not to see, so much as to rest. And they are right. Mendelssohn's *dolce far niente* of Naples cannot be compared with Cairo, for if you have there the balmy southern air and the memories of the present era, here you have the indistinctness of the far-distant past, so distant that history fails to tell us of it, and we have to go groping with the Pyramids and the obelisks as our guide. For what has become of the remains of these dead men, who were embalmed and interred by thousands and millions in the past centuries? It is a curious fact that nearly all bodies now discovered belong either to the Ptolemaic or Christian era. Fifty centuries had then passed over Egypt, and men lived and died. The country must have been always well peopled, for the Nile gave it both land and water.

Thebes had its hundred gates, from each of which

issued a thousand armed men. And there were Memphis, and Zoan, and Tanis, and On. In early days all Egypt's troubles were foreign. But seldom before the Hyksos came did the invader tread Egyptian soil. So they were born and lived and married, and died in peace and safety. They did not cremate nor bury, but always embalmed. The first embalmers seemed to have known their trade as well as the last. There is, in the Gizerah Museum at Cairo, a mummy that the wise men of the land say is five thousand six hundred years before Christ, that is to say, over seven thousand years old. He is of the second dynasty, and the body of the "oldest inhabitant" on earth is fairly well preserved. Yet he was not a Pharaoh, nor even a royal personage, nor connected in any manner with the royal family. He was only a minor priest, performing some very subordinate services in one of the old fanes now long since gone.

When he walked the earth neither the Pyramids, nor the Sphinx, nor Edfou, nor Thebes was in existence. The delta that now constitutes the best of Lower Egypt was then only a morass. Alexandria must have been miles out at sea, and the Nile must have been unnavigable at its numerous mouths, for there was no direct deep channel. It spread like a fan over the dead arid soil, and the water remained there until it evaporated and was carried over the

sea by the winds, while the rains from the mountains of Central Abyssinia constantly renewed the supply. Even forty centuries later it had seven mouths, while to-day it has but two. Such, in the fulness of time, is the result of the annual deposit of soil from its swollen waters on the low lands bordering the Mediterranean. The Egyptians of his time and long afterwards could not have known of such countries as Greece, nor even of the isles of the Archipelago, for neither could the Egyptians have sailed down the Nile and out to sea, nor could the Greeks, if any there were, have sailed up to the Egyptian cities. For there was no channel in the river. The very Nile itself is thought at one time to have run westerly, and emptied itself into the Red Sea, until its course was changed to the present one by human hands. Prior to that Egypt was simply a desert, without a single oasis, without a palm, a leaf, a lotus flower, or a papyrus.

Yet the papyri found within the coffin of our seven-thousand-year-old inhabitant tell of the king and dynasty under which he was born, lived, and died. It also indicates certain religious fashions and ways then in vogue, that must have been the product of reflection, experience, and time. So well were religious customs and principles established even at the date of the Pyramids, that subsequent centuries made but little change. Other gods were

added to the Pantheon, but the triad Osiris, Isis, and Horus, with Set in the background, were as well known, and their respective functions as clearly defined, as in the time of Rameses, thirty odd centuries later. Where there are so many to count, one or two centuries more or less will make but little difference. So, then, we may ask, how many ages came and went before our oldest inhabitant? How long did it take them to perfect that civilization and religion that endured, with little alteration, down to the Christian epoch, more than five thousand years afterwards? How long to evolve Osiris, Isis, and Horus, with their complete and perfect individualities, from chaos? How many cycles were these ancients in getting together the dogmas of their complicated religion, which Herodotus confesses he did not and could not understand? The very "Book of the Dead," describing in the minutest detail the ceremonies and obligations incumbent on all whose duty it was to properly embalm and inter those who died, is coeval with the Temple of the Sun, that stood at Heliopolis forty centuries ago.

This book is a curious affair. It tells them the exact method and manner of embalming; what materials are to be used, and when; how long the body was to soak after the first treatment; what to do on the second, and also the third and last; even prescribing the manner in which the linen

cloth should be wrapped round the mummy. The whole process, from the time of death until the body was finally ready for burial, took about seventy-five days. Then it was placed in the centre of a boat of a peculiar build, under a canopy supported on the four open sides by poles, that were surmounted with scarabæi, the emblems of Death and Life. Except at Memphis, all the cemeteries were on the other side of the river from the city. It was part of the religious duty that the dead should be taken over the sacred Nile. I wonder if the later Roman belief of the Styx came from the Egyptian practice? The boat was poled over by two oarsmen, one in front, one in rear. Put a single old gray-headed man in front, in long flowing robes, make the boat larger, and one has in Toby Rosenthal's picture, where

> "The dead, steered by the dumb,
> Went upward with the flood,"

something of the old Osiris boats, that silently floated with the sacred stream, bearing the dead to their still abode.

The tombs embraced first one-chamber, then at right angles, away from the light of day, a second. The first chamber was very often at the end of a passage leading from the entrance into the rock. But there was not always a passage, for it was expensive to cut. In the second chamber was sunk

a winze or shaft. At the bottom was a little tunnel, and at its end a vault was excavated, in which was placed a coffin or sarcophagus.

The walls and roof were covered with quotations from the "Book of the Dead," and with incidents of the man's career. These were mostly done under his own supervision while living. They were usually well executed, as people made it a special profession, much as we have fresco and wall painters to-day. Far down from the light of the sun the colours of the pigments retained their original freshness, and exist in many and many an underground tomb at present. After placing the mummy in the sepulchral chamber, the entrance was closed, and the little passage at the bottom, as well as the shaft itself, completely filled with loose sand, dirt, and stones. Then the top was levelled with the floor of the second chamber whence it started, the floor itself covered with a rock-like cement, and, as a result, the secret was inviolate. Yet only with the powerful and the great were all these precautions taken.

And now comes the uses of this second chamber. I ought not to try to describe it, because I am not sure that I understand it; but I have never met nor read of any one who was very much wiser. All the savants get mixed, and contradict each other in a most shameful manner. The one who writes or lectures last tries to prove his knowledge by show-

ing the ignorance of every one else. But as I have gathered, it is something as follows:—The ancient Egyptians believed that two souls still existed after the body became cold and inert. One of these souls, immediately on Death's coming to earth and striking its human residence with his wand, left the regions of the sun and went down below to an unknown place, presided over by Osiris, who was assisted by his wife Isis. Osiris was their principal deity, yet his only function seemed to be that of judging this half of one's spiritual anatomy after death.

They had no God to look after them while they walked the earth. They thought they could do that themselves. Just what happened if the worthy Osiris considered the case altogether too bad is hard to say. No one appears to fully know. Annihilation or some little occurrence of that kind took place. But if the scales inclined to the lucky side, for the good and bad are weighed, as they are supposed to be in the scales of Justice nowadays, then the fortunate spirit went to the realms of everlasting bliss. They must be contented there, for Egyptian mythology nowhere relates that any of them came back. There could not have been any spiritualists in those unenlightened years. So that was the last of the ethereal spirit. Meanwhile the other spiritual essence remained in the upper funeral apartment, underneath which lay, far down in the

rocky depths, the body that had been his earthly domicile. This number two was of grosser stuff than number one. He was in the habit of getting hungry and thirsty, and the friends and relatives of the dead man regularly brought to his chamber food and drink, which were left for his use.

I have very often seen in California, where there are numbers of Chinese, well-cooked food left at the grave-side of the newly interred for a day or two. Then it was taken away and carefully eaten by the living. This was done not only in the case of those dead only a week or two, but of those who died two or three years before. Even the comparatively enlightened and liberal doctrines of Confucius permitted this extraneous growth on his pure stock.

Might it not have been even older than his books? And might he not have found it impossible to prevent its existence and dangerous to crush it? When one reads a good deal of Egyptian history, religious ideas, and customs, and when one remembers that they are incomparably older than any others whatever, one gets the belief that many, nay, most of these later customs in all countries came originally from the land of the lotus and crocodile. The triad of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost seems to be akin to the Egyptian triad of Osiris, Isis, and Horus. The rite of circumcision was practised by the Egyptians when Abraham paid them a visit, and

for long centuries before. The Greek and Latin gods are but replicas of the Egyptian deities under other names. And the belief in immortality and in punishment and reward after death seems to have existed from the very earliest epoch, but, of course, more indistinctly and in a grosser form than as later defined.

In the mean time, I left the second spirit in his last home, eating and drinking, though, as in the case of the Chinese, the food was taken away before it became unfit to be eaten by material mouths. This spirit, it would appear, lived in this second room, occasionally going forth and wandering about the places where he lived and walked during life, but always returning at sundown. Just how long it survived is hard to say. During the lifetime of the mummy's sons, the food was taken to the tomb at stated intervals; but after the death of his immediate descendants he was gradually forgotten and left alone, as almost every one else is in this world.

The object most frequently found in the tombs was the figure of a scarabæus, the emblem, as I have said, of Death and Life, or Immortality of the Spirit, cut either in gold or stone. There are to-day, in the hot burning deserts of Upper Egypt, certain black crawling things, about an inch in length, that look like beetles. They are, in fact, a class of that very disagreeable species of insect, but are only found in the desert.

The beetles of Lower Egypt, those that infest Alexandria, Cairo, and other towns in and near the Delta, are of a different order. The desert beetle is the sacred scarabæus of the ancient Egyptians, and for this cause. The scarabæus is of but one sex. It deposits its eggs in the dried droppings of camels, and in time the sun develops and enlarges them until the scarabæi come forth. These, without commingling with another sex, have the power to deposit eggs in the same way, which in due season bring forth life. This virtue of self-reproduction, which exists with these scarabæi to-day as it did then, was so much like infinity, that the Pharaohs and priests took it as the type of immortality, in life and in death. Wherever one goes into Egypt one sees the scarabæi sculptured, in all sorts of places and with all sorts of inscriptions. Especially was the figure of the scarabæus faithfully reproduced in stone, particularly cornelian, and, without any hieroglyphs, employed as an amulet. Another instance of the fact that everything under the sun came at first from this land of the sun.

With princes and peasants, with priests and soldiers, the scarabæus is an emblem of hope. In the red granite sarcophagus of the Pharaoh, with its delicate, yet clearly outlined glyptic work; in the scarcely less costly coffin of the priest, with his shaven skull and ascetic features; in the modest

coffin of the soldier who looks bold in death, as he was valiant in life; and among the plain mummy-cloths, without coffin or shroud, of the poor peasant, the scarabæus in its stone image was held tightly on the breast between the two hands, as the Christian went to his grave grasping the crucifix. So dear to all of us, Egyptian or Christian, Parsee or Moslem, is this impalpable phantom of immortality which we all believe, and yet which we all doubt.

As they could not well be destroyed, even if anything happened to the mummy, they are very numerous. Thus the museum at Cairo has hundreds of them, dating from the earliest historical epoch. Each mummy, even a Pharaoh, had only one. The mummies have disappeared. That is one of the oddest things about Egyptian history. The proportion of those found naturally bears but a very small ratio to the past dead, and those discovered in later years are nearly all after the conquest of Persia by Cambyses. As every one who had the means was mummified, and as those people when young began to get ready for death, the greater part of them must have been embalmed. Yet what has become of all these bodies? They should be as numerous as the palm leaves. The Egyptians themselves could not, and would not have destroyed them. True, they very often, especially in the decadence of the country in later centuries, removed mummies

from their elegant sarcophagi or coffins, and had their own mummies after death placed therein. This was even done by some of the Pharaohs. In certain cases the cartouche of the older monarch and his writings were completely removed with his body, and the cartouche and inscriptions of his successor in the tomb put in their place.

However, this was not always done, and there lies in the Gizerah Museum to-day a coffin holding the mummy of a priest-king of the twenty-first dynasty, while writings on the inside tell us that it at first held the mummy of a Pharaoh who had died about eight hundred years before. The body of the first king has also been found, only in a poorer coffin, and the two lie side by side, the robber in his four-thousand-year-old coffin and his victim in a cheap shabby one.

I wonder, if they could talk, what kind of an animated conversation they would hold in the museum about this little occurrence? There would be plenty of witnesses at hand, for in this wonderful collection there stand against the wall coffins containing the dead bodies of men who were contemporary with both of them, and might have seen the mummy of the first Pharaoh as it was slowly rowed under its dead-black canopy over the quiet waters of the Nile, and others who might have gazed with curiosity as this same body was removed from its

COFFIN OF AMENHOTEP I.

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sarcophagus eight hundred years later, and the remains of the vandal priest Pharaoh taken to the tomb.

The Pharaoh-priest has had his imitators, for Charlemagne's body lies at Aix-la-Chapelle in the marble sarcophagus which once held all that was left at his death of Augustus. However, I do not know that he removed the body of the Roman. That had been done many years before in some of the numerous wars that followed the taking of Rome by Attila. Others beside this particular Pharaoh have done the same. In later times the monarchs had not time or inclination to get ready their tomb, so very often they took that of a preceding king.

They had another custom which shows both the immense antiquity of Egypt, and how the old Egyptians planned for the future. Every five hundred years the tombs of the Pharaohs and high priests were opened, and the mummies unrolled and examined. Such changes as five centuries of cool and quiet repose in the dark secret recesses of the burial-chambers had made were at once removed under the skilful hand of the embalmer. New mummy-cloths were wrapt around the form, but the old one was not taken from the sarcophagus. The embalmer and person authorized to open the tomb wrote, either on the mummy coverings or on papyrus, a statement of what they had done, in whose reign, and what year, and also their own names. For the

embalmer was a person of consequence, and his office was hereditary. Then everything was closed again, and the remains left undisturbed for another cycle of five centuries. Mummies have been found with several such inscriptions, showing that their tombs had been regularly opened and this task executed. Of course, as I have said, this was done only with the Pharaohs, the higher nobility, and clergy. A record of their burial-places was carefully kept, handed down from generation to generation, and certain persons appointed, to whose family this duty or privilege belonged. With regard to the untold numbers of all the centuries, but few, very few indeed, can now be found. The explanation that is generally accepted to account for their disappearance is this. When Nebuchadnezzar, about eight hundred years before Christ, invaded Egypt, he marched up to Wady Halfa, the location of the First Cataract, driving before him into Ethiopia the Egyptian monarch, his army, and a good part of his people. Nebuchadnezzar was not content with defeating and killing the living; he wreaked his anger and hate also on the dead. As he went up the valley of the Nile, and also on his return, he tore open everywhere the cemeteries and tombs, dragged forth the mummies, piled them together, and set fire to them. He would have destroyed the temples if he could, and indeed did do great injury to some of them.

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CHAPTER IX.

AN ARAB MARRIAGE.

NATURALLY, after studying such topics as those treated of in the last two chapters, I was ready for a little relaxation. So when Ibrahim Effendi, the commandant of the only horse battery of artillery in Egypt, came to me and asked whether I should like to attend an Arab marriage, I gladly assented. He called for me about five o'clock, and we drove down through one of the quarters of Old Cairo, where the houses look so old that it requires a great effort of the imagination to credit their having ever been new. When, after innumerable twistings and turnings, we finally reached the wedding mansion, we found its narrow street illuminated with coloured lamps, while bright flags hung in festoons from house to house. Our approach was the signal for the band of music to strike up. For, as both the bride and bridegroom were connected with the higher native officials of the Egyptian military

service, the band of one of the native regiments had been placed at their disposal.

The music which greeted us was supposed to be a marriage melody, and was played on brass instruments of European manufacture. To me, however, it sounded more like some melancholy funeral dirge or march. For all Arab music is essentially sad and but little varied: I believe it is based on the chants which accompany the reading of the Koran in the mosques, and, like other religious music, is not conducive to gaiety.

We were ushered through an inner court which was thronged with gaily dressed guests and draped with dozens of little red flags flecked with the crescent and the star, to a large chamber in the rear of the court, on the same floor. Here were assembled the more specially distinguished male guests, including ten or twelve majors and colonels in the Egyptian army. They were dressed in Egyptian civilian costume only. A long black coat, close-fitting at the neck, with white waistcoat to correspond, was substituted for ordinary evening dress. However, all the others, both in the room and the court, wore the long flowing robes of various hues which one sees nowhere in the world save in Cairo.

I was the only foreigner present, and as soon as they knew that I was an American they treated me with the greatest cordiality I do not know why it

is, but to be an American seems the best recommendation one can possibly have in the Far East. They all know of our country, and entertain, I fear, exaggerated notions of her wealth, power, and liberality.

They plied me with questions, and were very much surprised when I told them that there were very few Moslems, perhaps no more than a thousand, in the whole United States. While they have no definite idea of our resources and numbers, for general and historical reading is, to say the least of it, very desultory with the modern Egyptian, yet the name of America seems to inspire them with respect and esteem, more than that of any European nation, the English even included, though they are at present in possession of the country. It seems a little curious that, though the English have now controlled Egypt seven years, yet most of these officers spoke French, and knew but very little of the former language. They were rather chary of expressing any opinion of the British rule, but I could easily infer from this reticence that the idea of Egypt for the Egyptians was by far the most popular. And it must have been this sentiment that made Arabi Pasha, a sort of Wat Tyler, so formidable, for he had the real wishes of the nation behind him. Only one of the company was a Turk, Ahmed Bey, and he was the most intelligent and

entertaining of all. He had certainly read history to good advantage, and could discuss religion and wars with knowledge and thoughtfulness. He was entirely free from the fanaticism and bigotry which seem to be cardinal points in Mahomet's creation.

After a while we went into the banquet-hall, and sat around a circular table made of aloes and sandal-wood, ornamented on the top and legs with mosaics. We washed our hands in a basin of water held by a servant, and then began eating without knives and forks, or anything to drink.

There were a dozen of us at the table. First came a turkey, which, in its large plate, was placed in the centre. Then every one tore off a bit with his fingers and ate. The meat was well cooked and tender, so this was very easy to do. Each one was provided with a wooden spoon for the dressing, and also with a large napkin. After the turkey was taken away, came a goose, then pigeons, then chickens and several other kinds of meat, all very delicious and pleasant eating. Then followed three or four sorts of cakes and candied fruits, with pomegranates and dates, all brought in separately, and eaten one after another. When I thought and hoped we had come to the end, for I was dying of thirst, there was brought in a huge dish of rice, and thereafter more meats. They told me that meat brought in after the dessert indicated the end of the

repast, for which I was very grateful. It is true that a servant stood near the table to give water to those who wished it, but as none of the others asked, I thought I would wait. We were about two hours over the dinner, and in that time the dishes were removed and others placed on the table with very few minutes wasted in the intervals, as there was only one large dish to take away and one to bring on. So there must have been, I think, fifteen to eighteen courses. As we filed out of the banqueting-chamber, a servant stood at the door with soap, water, and towel, to wash our hands. Afterwards, in the reception-room, all kinds of wines and liquors were placed on the table, and of these I noticed every one drank plentifully, though contrary to the law of the Koran.

At ten o'clock the bridegroom, who was twenty-two, sallied forth, accompanied on either hand by his two best men, all three wearing white kid gloves. With them were the band of music, a company of soldiers carrying candles in crystal-glass lanterns, and a number of the guests. The whole procession made its way on foot to a neighbouring house, into which we marched between the files of the soldiers, as the band played. Then we sat in solemn stillness, while coffee and cigarettes were handed around. As there were no women present, there was none of the mirth so proper and natural on such an occasion;

and after waiting in stately stupidity a due season, we marched out again. This programme was repeated at three other residences, the inmates being intimate friends of one or the other of the contracting families. I was told that this is the universal custom prescribed for the bridegroom on the wedding night. For two or three days before, the bride, in a closed carriage, with heavy veil, accompanied by her relatives and friends mounted on camels gay with scarlet robes and gold coins dangling in long ribands, makes the circuit of her quarter of the city.

These ceremonies on the part of both bride and groom are a good deal like publishing the banns in Christian churches. They are as old as the religion itself, and give every one a chance to know that so-and-so is going to be married, and then, if there be any objection, it may be made known at once. While not so necessary in these days of newspapers, for the Arabs have native journals, yet the rich and ennobled people who can afford the very considerable expense entailed never fail to practise the good old custom. During our banquet, reception, marches, and countermarches, it must be remembered that no ladies were with us. The women, including the bride, were all gathered on the floor above, which had latticed framework. They could look down upon us through the interstices of this framework. But even thus the villainous veil covered what might

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have been caught of their features, and let imagination have full sway. In this case the imagination of the young husband had ample opportunity to revel in pleasant dreams, for he had never seen his bride. They were cousins, betrothed in early youth, and actually married by proxy two months before, though the couple were to meet for the first time this evening. The imaun, or priest, had joined together the thumbs of the two nearest male relatives, and mentioning the names of the absent ones, they were made man and wife. This occurs only when circumstances prevent the bride and groom from meeting at the stipulated time. A young Arabian girl present told me the next day that the bride was about sixteen, and as ugly as any girl to be found in Cairo. The strangest and most unwholesome part of the whole affair was the fact that the girl and boy had never exchanged a word with each other. From the confines of the harem, and through the jealously guarded arabesques, she might have seen him passing by; but he could not have known even the natural colour of her eyes, unless his female relatives had told him. None of those feelings and emotions that make life happy and cheerful can exist in such a desert of love.

No lips there speaking to lips, and there is no interchange of glances, no commingling of thoughts and sentiments that constitute the love and courtship

of Christian religion, and make marriage the rosiest part of existence. Novels are unknown here, for novels cannot be where there is no love, nor anger, nor jealousy. So one never hears of a Romeo and Juliet, an Abelard and Héloïse. All is a garden, where the flowers give forth no sweet fragrance, where the birds never sing. The lotus leaf and the palm leaf are wide, branching, and broad; but, like everything else in this old dead land, they have not the sweetness nor the warmth of the tiniest rose-bud that ever lived and died within the compass of a day's sunshine.

The poor bride is treated like a prisoner before marriage, and like a slave afterwards. While in her father's home, she never goes out except in the company of some old woman and a miserable eunuch, who remains in constant attendance.

Always closely veiled, whether on foot or in carriage, the girl seldom breathes freely under the weight of the heavy veil, which drops from just below the eyes to the feet, and is glad to get back again to the close harem, where, at least, she is at ease.

After a while she is married by her father to some one to whom she has never addressed a word, who has never gazed upon her face, and whose very existence was possibly unknown to her one week before the marriage. It does not matter if he is

old or young, rich or poor, handsome or ugly, married or not. For the Moslem law permits a man to have four wives—that is, he can have only four wives at one time; but as a compensation, in its thoughtfulness for those who believe in the divine precepts of the Koran, it grants the man also the privilege of divorcing his wife at his own option and sending her back to her parents without assigning any reason! She may have been his wife a week or ten years. She may have children living and dead. All he has to do is to go to the judge, tell him he does not want her any more, have a document drawn up to that effect, and send her home with only the dowry that he received with her at their marriage. If there be children, they go with their mother, and are paid a sum by the father proportioned to their necessities, not according to his means. He is not obliged, either by law or custom, to tell why he discards her; and there is usually nothing to tell, for the wife is kept quite as secluded and as strictly guarded as the girl. The truth is that this dreadful facility for divorce confers upon him almost unlimited power; and the number of an Egyptian bey's wives are limited only by his wealth, for he can change them perennially. One good feature in this ghastly parody on married happiness is that the character of the wife is not injured by her divorce. She is con-

sidered more marriageable than young ladies, and very often is married and divorced several times.

She never has any volition nor weight of her own. Back she comes to her father after each divorce, and is disposed of by him as if she had never left his house. So she is passed from hand to hand, like the very beasts, until the poor creature has become old and withered. Then her children look after her wants, and she lives a hopeless existence, with no pleasant memories of the past to delight her remaining years, without any solace and consolation to hope for in the future.

Does it not seem strange to us that the religion and peoples who thus debase Nature's loveliest work and violate all home ties once dominated Asia and Africa, Spain and Hungary, broke the Roman Empire, extinguished Persia, and even marched to the walls of Vienna; that a century after its creation it was in the heart of France, and might have overturned Christianity, were it not for the Iron Hammer at Tours? It makes one marvel and even tremble to think what might have happened had the result of the battle been otherwise. Not that I think, however, that they could have retained their position.

Moslemism is the production of a warm climate. It has never effected a lodgment in ice and snow, and is now being gradually driven back to the

desert, which ought to be its only home. It is an exotic that has been suffered to exist these last couple of centuries only through the political exigencies of European nations. As an American, I shall not undertake to say my say on the present position of Turkey in Europe, for I am writing only of Egypt; but I do believe that after the break up which is inevitable, when all Europe, with the isles of the Egean, becomes Christian, the religion of Mahomet will vanish like water does on a leaf exposed to the sun. It is difficult to comprehend how it ever achieved so extensive a sway or lasted so long. I see nothing in it attractive to an intelligent man, but much that is distasteful and repugnant. The old Egyptians, with their sun-worship and their mummifying, were impressive and inspiring. In a land where the sun is Life, is it a wonder that people worshipped it as the beginning of all things? We could very easily fall into that way of thinking even now, if we lived a thousand years or so in Egypt, were it not for the prosaic and convincing knowledge of its constituents. Confucius and Gautama have both, in the beliefs that they instituted and fostered, thoughts and sentiments which honour themselves and their followers, while Moslemism is but little more than the very human creed of a man of action and passion, consecrating our worst impulses by ascribing them to a Divine origin.

CHAPTER X.

THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT.

The English control Egypt with three thousand British troops, of whom the greater part are stationed at Cairo. There are twelve thousand Egyptians in the army, counting those in the Soudan. They have a very good and complete equipment. The soldiers are armed with the latest style of breech-loading rifles. As they are required for duty only here and in the Soudan, their camp outfit is very light, but yet quite sufficient. Each man is supplied with a single change of under-clothing, comb and brush, a pair of boots, and two pairs of stockings. His bedding consists of one thin blanket, and under the warm skies of the East it is plenty. The uniform is white, of a very light material, and they all wear the universal red fez with the black tassel. There never is much chance for style in men's hats in the East. All the Moslems, from the Sultan and Khedive down to the poorest groom, wear the

tarbush or fez. There must be some religious law, I fancy, to explain this, though what it is I do not know. It is very odd, too, that they should use such a cover for the head in these burning climes. The red colour, it seems to me, attracts heat, and there is no rim to protect one's eyes or neck. Ophthalmia is dreadful here, and the constant exposure of the eyes to the glare of the midday sun may be one cause of this scourge. The turban is worn by the Arabs proper and the Syrians, who wind a shawl of various colours lightly around the fez; but in the army this is not permitted. The soldiers are constantly drilled, and strict discipline is enforced.

The company officers are natives; the regimental and other superior officers English. The commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army is an Englishman, who holds also a post in the English army of an inferior grade.

Krupp guns of the latest manufacture, made in fact in 1887, are part of the artillery. Some of these guns were at Toski, the battle fought with the Soudanese near Wady Halfa this year, and did good service. They were worked entirely by native artillerymen. They have but one horse battery in the army, but there are also mule and camel batteries. That is to say, some guns are packed upon mules and others upon camels, each constituting a separate

battery with complete outfit of officers and men, who are all foot soldiers. These are light guns of the Gatling type, designed solely for use in the Soudan, where all Egypt's troubles of late years have been.

The cavalry are mounted upon horses of Syrian and Arabian descent, most of the horses being white. The far-famed Arabian steed is not a large animal. I should say that he is smaller than the average thoroughbred let alone draft horse in America. He carries himself proudly and well, but he does not seem to have much strength. Arabian horses would never do in the shock of a European battle. If they were mounted by heavy German cuirassiers, armed and equipped as is the custom nowadays, they would go down before the charge of Normandy stallions like reeds before the winds. They could not sustain much weight.

But they have speed for a time, and endurance, in this climate under which American horses would falter. The horses are like the men, slender and agile rather than heavy and strong.

The old story of Cœur-de-Lion splitting the lignum-vitæ wood with his heavy sword, and Saladin cutting with his keen scimitar the silken pillow held loosely by one hand, tells the difference between the East and West to-day as it did then.

But as energy comes with strength, and power with emulation, so the Western races are pushing

the lethargic Eastern peoples farther and farther into the deserts.

They have also in this little bit of an army a camel corps, which I suppose is the only thing of the kind in existence. It consists of a hundred dromedaries, that are to the camel what the racehorse is to the work-horse. The dromedaries are mounted by only one soldier each, and are very light and natty in their appearance. There is nothing of the heavy lumbering camel in their attitude and gait. They are capable of going immense distances.

Gordon, who laid down his life in Khartoum, once rode one hundred and six miles in twelve hours on a single dromedary. Their normal speed in the desert is seven miles an hour, which they can keep up all day without water, eating at night but very little food. A small quantity of cut hay or straw is all they want. Though such huge beasts, they eat nothing like the quantity required by American horses. The battalion carry with them fodder for a week or ten days, which, with the soldier and his accoutrements, and food also, is all packed on the back of a single dromedary. They are very serviceable in the Soudan, where they are employed as scouts, and in advanced positions in front of the army.

At the review on the occasion of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Cairo, they went past in

good style, keeping step to the music with fair precision, though I must say that their appearance was more amusing than formidable. While this cannot be said of the whole Egyptian army, yet they would not, I fancy, be very dangerous to a European or American force. Whatever be the cause, these Eastern races have neither physical strength nor physical courage.

The belief in predestination or fatality, which is so universal here, has something to do with it. They think that what is to happen will happen, and what is the use of opposing fate? If any reverse comes, "God is great," and that is about all they are ready to do to influence events.

The common soldier gets five cents a day. His food is good and plentiful, very much better than he finds in his own house, but it is all vegetables and bread. Meat, I believe, is allowed twice a week, and then in limited supply. Doubtless the soldier would not eat it more frequently, for it is not his habit. The poor hard-working people, from whose ranks the army is recruited, eat meat about once a month, and then it is poultry, not beef. This does not make robust bodies or brave spirits. The officers are of a better class physically, for, having a higher social position, doubtless they live on more nourishing food. The captains and majors receive one hundred and fifty dollars a month, which is very good pay in Egypt,

including as it does rations and, in the case of the artillery and cavalry, a private horse. Servants of the officers are found in the Soudan, as a result of the various wars and forays. They are not slaves, for the law says so, but, all the same, they get no pay, remain with their masters, working faithfully on a few vegetables and hard bread daily. The officer may "present" them to another person, and they must go and work there just the same.

But this condition of life is very much better to the poor black than the Soudan, where the problem just now seems to be how to get food to live. After Toski nearly three thousand fugitives and prisoners were brought at various times to Cairo, and sent to different places in Lower Egypt. Almost all of them were in a state of semi-starvation, and the movement northward, that resulted so disastrously to the Soudanese, seems to have been caused by actual want of food quite as much as religious fanaticism. Thus as the servants of the officers cost nothing but their food, and one garment worth a couple of dollars every two months, they can live very well on one hundred and fifty dollars monthly.

They are all married, both officers and privates. It is very rare to meet a Moslem at the age of twenty years who is not married, and when he is thirty-five or forty the world must have gone very hard with him if he has not been married and

divorced four or five times. Men who show this boldness ought to make good and brave soldiers, one would say; but they do not. At Tel-el-Kebir they were behind good fortifications, with guns of approved pattern, with Arabi Pasha, a leader of some military ability, at their head, and fought in a patriotic cause—the cause of their own country. For of course the English were and are invaders. They had everything that could induce men to stand up and fight, and, besides, they outnumbered the enemy two to one. Yet when the Highlanders charged them with the cold bayonet, before they got to the parapet, the Egyptians broke and ran like sheep, officers as well as the soldiers. There were not many killed, for they did not stop at the battle-field long enough. A certain officer, who was at the battle and is now in the army, very candidly said to me, "When I saw the Highlanders running towards the fortress, with their red faces, giant forms, bare legs, and bright bayonets glittering in the morning sun, I thought they were very devils, and I dropped my sword, turned tail, and never stopped until I was safely lodged in my own house at Cairo." These are the descendants of the soldiers of Rameses, who came very near conquering about all that was then known of the world. They go home, say "*Kismet*" and "*Allah-il-Allah!*" and then await the coming of the victor.

After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir a few Englishmen rode straight to Cairo, entered the citadel, and took possession of the town without the least resistance. As it was with the Greeks, the Romans, the Turks, the Mamelukes, and Bonaparte, so it is now with the English. The fellaheen change their masters without fear and without hope. They go about their affairs, the women bring water from the canals and the river as did Rebecca, and the men have their little shops and cuddy-holes in the streets, where they work industriously from morning to night. They are never very happy nor very miserable. Seldom do they laugh, or seldom does one see a number of them jolly at a café. They take their enjoyment sedately, and smoke and talk with such seriousness and attention that one might think weighty affairs were in question, when they are probably discussing whether the pomegranates of this year contain more seeds than those of last.

These people give but little trouble to the invader, and rarely revolt. If they are permitted the free exercise of their religion, without let or hindrance, there will never be any trouble with them. And the English are acting here with their accustomed tact, of which I saw so many examples in India. Their rule is so slight that it is hardly felt, and when enforced it is ever on the side of justice. They charge the Egyptian treasury a million dollars

every year for the maintenance of the English troops in Egypt; but this sum is invariable, and is all that Egypt is asked to pay, even if there be a whole British corps d'armée in the country. The receipts and expenditure average about fifty million dollars annually. What a tremendous sum for a purely agricultural kingdom with not seven million inhabitants? If we were equally taxed in America we should have to raise five hundred million dollars annually. Half of this fifty millions goes to pay interest on the debt contracted by Ismail Pasha, the father and predecessor of the present Khedive. He was a darling both in his manner of borrowing and spending money. He borrowed money in Europe, mainly in England, giving a bond for a hundred dollars at, say, five per cent., and getting actually in money fifty or sixty dollars only. For the persons who bought the bonds would only do so at a great discount, as they did not know if they would ever see a cent of it again.

One quarter of what Ismail received he had to subdivide with the pashas and higher officials, so that there would be harmony among all the thieves. Of the rest, half was devoted to the wants and needs of the country, building railroads, canals, etc., and the moiety went for the purchase of pretty Circassian girls and the importation of French operatic troupes, with whom Ismail held high carnival at Cairo, under

the shadow of the Pyramids. So it will be seen that, of every hundred dollars added to the debt of Egypt, not one quarter of it was used for the legitimate purposes and necessities under cover of which it was obtained.

But this "Arabian Nights" business of Ismail's could not last for ever. One fine morning he was told that he could borrow no more money; that he had run his race; that in the opinion of the civilized world he was not fit to govern the country, and so he must resign, turn over the Khediveship to his eldest son, and leave Egypt.

This was not very pleasant news to a man who had been leading a sort of Haroun al-Raschid life for ten years, who had a hundred of the loveliest houris of the East in his harem, who had entertained empresses and princes in a truly regal manner, and who had the power of life and death over his subjects. But he had made no provision when getting this money to pay it back. He had no sinking fund. He did not pay the interest. He had thought of nothing but his own personal pleasure, never of the country, and he had to go, with very little regret on the part of the people, who were tired of this typical Oriental despot. Yet there was nothing cruel or malicious about Ismail. He lives now in Constantinople, and is a *bon vivant*. He is one of those princes who think the world was made

solely for their good will and pleasure, and who are awakened some day by the knowledge that "Nous avons changé tout cela."

Yet between the bond-holders and Ismail there was not much choice. The latter demanded their pound of flesh, blood and all. They wanted the whole hundred dollars for which they gave only one-half, and because Ismail would not consent they put him out. Then there was a sort of interregnum. No one knew what to do. The bond-holders demanded that Europe should enforce payment of their demands; the Egyptians became fretful and nervous—that is, the higher classes, who are in part the children of the Mamelukes that formerly governed the land.

One of the officers, named Arabi Pasha, was the forerunner of Boulangism. Arabi made himself popular with the army, gradually advanced in power, and assumed the real command. A spark of love of country appeared. The Egyptians actually became patriotic. Thirty-two thousand of them gathered around Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir after the bombardment of Alexandria. It was the largest array of Egyptians that has been assembled during this century.

But the cold steel of the British was too bright and keen for their courage. They left the field. Arabi was taken and consigned to Ceylon, just as

Napoleon was sent to St. Helena. The English have not changed their method of disposing of their fallen foes. That was seven years ago, and the British are here now, and they are going to stay.

The French, with that fatuousness which characterizes all their political transactions these late years, refused to join with England in the occupation of Egypt, though they were asked and implored to do so, for at that time England did not want to assume the responsibility alone. The French nation sent an army thousands of miles to Tonquin, an unhealthy malarious country, where nothing was to be gained but fevers and disease. They squandered untold sums of money, and, after all, hold only that part of the country where their soldiers encamp and sleep, and no more. Yet they refused to occupy Egypt, one of the most fertile and healthy countries in the world, but three or four days' sail from Marseilles, which exports every year large crops of cotton and other produce. Moreover, they had Algeria on the same side of the Mediterranean as Egypt, and they might have hoped some day to see the two countries joined and possess an empire from the Red Sea to the Pillars of Hercules. In the break up of Eastern kingdoms that must come with the next great war, all these contingencies were not improbable.

But, then, these speculations are of no fruit now,

for the English, with their usual foresight and judgment, took the risk, gained the prize, and will keep it. On the eve of the bombardment of Alexandria, the French fleet sailed away, and left the English to do the work alone, which they did, and did well.

When they came to Cairo and assumed practically the control of the Government, they found affairs in a sad state of confusion. There did not appear to be an honest upright man in the Government. Many were adventurers from foreign lands. The pashas were, as a rule, a worthless lot; the soldiers, a rabble that could not be trusted. To keep himself in place during his latter years, Ismail had to admit to some office and make a pasha or bey of every one who had any influence with the soldiery, or who had sufficient address to make his services necessary. It was the Prætorian Guards and a Roman emperor over again on a small scale, or like San Francisco politics under the ring rule of Buckley. One illustration will suffice. In Egypt they do things differently from everywhere else. For instance, where we use shovels and spades they have baskets. A railroad was being constructed by the Government, and the contract to supply hand baskets to remove the earth from the excavations and track was awarded for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Afterwards there was a squabble between

the contractor and his associates, and they went to law. It then appeared that he was to have only seventy-five thousand dollars, while the remaining three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars were to be apportioned among the higher officials who had assisted him to get the contract. Out of his seventy-five thousand dollars he gained enough to build a good house, and lives in affluence on the remainder, lending his money to the Egyptians at one and one and a half per cent. monthly. And to think that these poor people have to pay such stealings to-day! It was well that Ismail left, for he would have sold or mortgaged the Pyramids very soon.

The British went to work in a thorough and energetic manner to cleanse the Augean stables. They stopped the system of farming out the revenues, and established a uniform tax on the land, based on a just and proper estimate of its value. They made contracts for supplying the army, guaranteeing prompt and certain payment. They dismissed a number of useless and expensive officers, and abolished several obsolete sinecures. They curtailed extravagance wherever it was found, and practised as well as preached economy in the governmental departments. These changes brought about a much better state of affairs.

The credit of Egypt improved, its floating debt was partially funded, and though it owes five hundred

million dollars, yet its bonds are quoted nearly at par. The pity of it is that the country has nothing for this immense weight on its future, and in order to pay the interest, which is half the annual budget, the lands are taxed as high as eight dollars an acre, though the value is only a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars per acre. They produce two, and, on alternate years, three crops annually.

Perhaps the greatest advantage accruing to Egypt from the English occupation is the care and scientific knowledge that have been devoted to the canal system. Formerly, if there happened to be a low Nile, or one a little below the average, certain lands in the Delta were deprived of water supplies and remained barren. This evil had existed for many years, but no one seemed to have enough power and authority to apply the remedy, which was a proper distribution of the Nile water when in flood. It must be remembered that all the lands in Egypt reached by the Nile are fertile. There is no such thing as wearing out or exhausting the ground.

The Nile has a swift current. It runs by Cairo at the rate of five miles an hour. It is more rapid than any of the other large rivers in the world. Therefore the soil that drops into the river in the washing away of the banks in Abyssinia during the rainy season has not time to settle. It is carried along very much more than a thousand miles, and

for that whole distance the bed of the Nile has been elevated a few feet only in centuries and centuries. They have an instrument for measuring the annual rise of the waters, on an island in the river in front of Cairo, and it is in exactly the same place that it was twenty odd centuries ago. That shows the very little change in the bed of the river. But after passing Cairo a few miles on its way to the sea, the single channel which holds the whole river for nearly fifteen hundred miles ceases or changes, and the waters find their way to the Mediterranean by several outlets. It is here that canals become numerous, and here the foreigners have done good service. They have turned the water into these canals, and distribute it equitably to all.

The soil that has come all the way from the mountains and table-lands of Abyssinia, and never had time to stop, gradually settles in the slow current of the canals in the Delta, or is dug out and scattered over those places where the water does not reach. It is rich fertile black loam, and annually with the inundation of the Nile renews the life of Egypt, keeping it ever young and fresh under the warm sun. Before the English came, the land farthest away had no water during a bad Nile, as the scant supply was all used by those owning estates nearer to the river. But now the canals have been enlarged and lengthened, and proper overseers placed over them.

The water is jealously guarded and given to each in turn. That is, it is allowed to run on one man's land for a certain number of days, and afterwards on that of others. In former times the land of the poor fellah lay burning under the hot sun, while that of the rich bey was amply supplied; but under the new system the water is doled forth impartially to all. It is a lesson in justice and economy that I hope the Egyptians will not forget.

The British also excavated reservoirs, or rather dug out the old ones, for the Pharaohs did this same thing in their time. These reservoirs are filled when the Nile is in flood, and furnish plenty of water for two or three months after the river has receded and the large canals are dry.

Though there have been what are called "bad Niles" no less than twice since the British came here seven years ago, yet the crops have been fairly good, by reason of their wise administration.

At the completion of the contemplated changes in the canals of the Delta, a failure of the crops will be unknown. It need never occur in Egypt, where the quantity of water, though varying greatly in different years, is always sufficient, if properly husbanded and distributed. Is it, then, any wonder that in olden days it was the granary of the world, or that, from Abraham down to the Romans, all peoples looked to Egypt for sustenance? When the

ships loaded with grain at Alexandria were detained by storms or pirates, Rome, even when mistress of the world, suffered from scarcity of bread, so necessary was Egypt to its existence. Yet the whole cultivated area of the country does not exceed five million acres, and it never was any more. It is true that, in the time of Rameses, Lake Mareotis supplied with water a large part of the Fayoom, an oasis west of the Nile above Cairo, that now, in consequence of the destruction of the lake, is partially abandoned to the desert sands and wind; still the area in the Delta proper has very much increased. There is hardly a single acre for ninety miles north and east of Cairo that is not tilled, and which does not yield rich stores of cotton, sugar, and corn.

The seven channels of the Nile below Cairo have been contracted to two. The lands thus gained are devoted to agriculture, and, with the admirable method of the British, need never want water nor labour enough to afford full returns. The Egyptian method now in vogue ought to be studied by Californian farmers. The level valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, with their adjacent mountain ranges crowned with snow in winter, should be covered with a network of rivulets and large canals, carrying down the pure waters of the sierra to the thirsty lands below.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT—*continued.*

THE English, notwithstanding these good services that they render Egypt, are by no means popular here. Their economies are close and unnecessary to the Eastern mind, and their strictness of discipline is irksome to the kismet-believing soldier.

Then, again, they have to find work for Englishmen. So they steadily displace natives from the Government offices, and fill the void with their own race. This process of leavening goes on without cessation. When a vacancy occurs in a good position, either in the war, interior, or administrative departments, an Englishman is selected for the place. He, of course, knows Arabic, or straightway learns how to talk it at least. Indeed, a knowledge of Arabic does not seem to be so necessary as French, which is universally spoken by the beys and Pashas. The English are gradually changing the whole nature of the Government in substance, if not in

form, much to the dismay and disgust of the old fossils who have been battening on the wealth of Egypt so many years.

It is astonishing how many foreigners have found their way to Egypt and occupy important posts—Americans, Armenians, Austrians, Italians, and Germans. One meets them at the club, and they are all beys or pashas. I do not think it would be exactly right to style them adventurers, for many of them came here on the invitation of Ismail Pasha, but still they appear to have had the cream of all the good things, and to have lived for years on the fat of the land. They adopted the fez, which I believe is obligatory on all those in Government service, learned Arabic, in time had nice houses or even palaces for residences, and were happy and prosperous. While they did not adopt the Moslem religion, nor renounce their nationality, yet, as they had adopted another country for their home, they seem also to have married other than their own countrywomen. I know of a German married to an Armenian, an American to an Austrian, an Italian to a Syrian. I do not know why this should be, for during the year many women belonging to all nations visit Egypt; but these men seem to have done everything possible to make the memories of their early homes as faint and indistinct as may be. They are men of ability, education, and courage, and it is no wonder that the Egyptians

entrusted to them almost the whole control of affairs. Yet they looked after their private interests with quite as much care and attention as that of the nation. The interest on the debt might not be paid, bondholders might be clamouring and threatening, the country might be suffering under grievous and unjust taxation; but the foreign Pashas and beys must have their fine Arabian coursers, European carriages, numerous domestics, and all the pomp and circumstance of a rich and showy nobleman.

To these men the coming of the English was most surely an unmixed evil. There is nothing but the blackness of despair and a hopeless future before them. Not only are they one by one displaced by the remorseless English, but even a pension is denied them. Ismail's Government, and also that of his successor, always gave liberal pensions after a certain tenure of service. This custom is now in great measure stopped, and, in fact, they go to the other extreme in the general practice of that economy which now pervades the administration. Foreigners, and even natives who have been in the Government service in various capacities for twenty years and upwards, are refused annuities on the ground that, seeing there was no law to that effect, the country could not afford to be generous.

Some of the foreigners have applied to the Mixed Courts for their remedy, but the law is as slow in

Egypt as everywhere else, and the chances of success very meagre. It is a question now, if a favourable decision was obtained from the Mixed Court, whether the English would permit it to be recognized.

This Mixed Court is a curious institution. It gives an idea of the condition to which this land, at one time the most powerful in the world, is now reduced. In the troubles that have arisen from time to time, it was found, or thought, that foreigners had not sufficient justice meted out to them in the native courts. The European nations demanded a separate jurisdiction for their subjects, before which they could be tried for offences committed in Egypt. So the six Great Powers—England, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy—each appointed a judge. This judge, who is of the nation appointing him, is subject to approval by the Khedive's Government, holds office for five years, and is paid eight thousand dollars annually. The odd part is that the Egyptian Government has to pay this eight thousand dollars for the trial of foreigners before foreign courts. It costs them about seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and it is really an outrage that the Great Powers should so impose on this helpless country. At first the court consisted of one member from each of the Powers; but, later, the importance of the United States was recognized, and that Govern-

ment was invited to join the others and appoint a judge, which it did.

The mixed tribunal has complete jurisdiction over all cases affecting their subjects, both civil and criminal. If a German or a Frenchman wounds or kills an Egyptian, and can get to his house or hotel, he is safe from arrest. Unlike Moses, he need not go into exile and await the death of Pharaoh. The native police dare not molest him. Complaint is made to the tribunal, and the cavasse, or guard, of the consul-general of his own nation takes him into custody. No one else has the right to touch him. He is tried before the tribunal, which is certainly not harsh, and, if acquitted, is discharged. Even if found guilty and sentenced to jail, the place of imprisonment is selected by the court, and is never a native prison, but some ship in the harbour at Alexandria or other place beyond the control of the Egyptians. Claims by foreigners against the Government are prosecuted before the tribunal, and if judgment is found for the claimant, the administration must pay. For in the documents constituting the court it is agreed to respect and enforce the court's decisions, not only against the Egyptians, but against the Government itself.

I sincerely hope that the English will add to the other good reforms that they have made the

one of abolishing this court; or, if not, that they should at least reduce its powers and prerogatives, and see that its members are paid by their respective Governments, and not by debt-ridden Egypt.

In all this change and intrigue the poor Khedive cuts a very sorry figure; and yet he is the most gentle and courteous Eastern prince now living. His grandfather, Mehemet Ali, was a fierce bearded Turk, one of the old stamp, who came over here as a military adventurer from Albania, and by sheer courage and audacity, made himself supreme in Egypt. He was a rare old Turk, one of those Byron would have delighted to immortalize. For he was one who thought no more of killing his enemies by deceit and treachery than of taking another man's wife if she pleased him. He invited all the Mameluke beys to an entertainment one day in the citadel at Cairo. After they had entered the courtyard on their prancing Arabian chargers, glittering with brilliant costumes and jewelled-hilted scimitars, Mehemet coolly shut the front and rear gates, and from the windows of the fortress shot them down like Nile birds. One only escaped. He rode his Arabian straight at the low parapet overlooking the precipice below and jumped over. The fall was about fifty feet upon a pile of rubbish. Fortune favours the brave. Both man and horse were scarcely injured, and raced out of the city,

with Mehemet's myrmidons at their heels. That part of the fortress is yet called *La Saut du Mameluke.* It did not do the poor bey much good, however, for he had to skulk like a thief in Upper Egypt until his death a few years later.

Mehemet lived to a good old age, and then died full of years and honours. We have so few of his kind in these money-making times, that it is to be regretted he did not live longer. I hope some aspiring poet will take cognizance of this slight notice of his virtues, study up his history, and give to the world a really good epic, telling us all the bad things he did. His vices are so rare in these modern days that they remind one of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, and his example ought not to be lost to posterity.

He lies now in a magnificent mosque that he erected on the citadel hill, enclosed by a golden grill, within which a light is for ever kept burning. He is in the full odour of sanctity, and doubtless in one or two centuries, if they can manage to keep his bones untouched, will be revered as a holy Moslem saint at whose shrine it will be profitable to make orisons.

His eldest son was Khedive for a little while, but soon died, leaving an infant son Ismail. Mehemet Ali had so well established his dynasty that, during the infancy of his grandson, Egypt was governed by a regency without hindrance from Constantinople.

Egypt acknowledged nominally the suzerainty of the Porte, and yearly paid two million and a half dollars as tribute. It is still paid every year. But, apart from that, the Sultan had nothing to do with Egypt. It was practically independent.

When Ismail Pasha became old enough to assume the office of Khedive, he at once plunged into dissipation and luxury. He had his grandfather's tastes, but not his grandfather's vigour and audacity. He was ready to spend the money that Europe gave him, but he failed to command the respect or fear of his people. So when he had to leave, but very few showed any regret. His son, the present Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, is, as I have said, the very best type of the Oriental sovereign we have. He has only one wife and no odalisques, though his father and Mehemet Ali had them by the score. He has four children, two of them young princes who visited the Paris Exhibition in 1889. He has tried to encourage the Egyptian pashas and rich people to follow his example and the European custom in having but one wife. He has also expressed his hope that the canons of the Moslem religion may be so relaxed as to allow an Oriental woman to uncover her face in public without incurring odium or contempt. Yet he is very religiously inclined, and attends the mosque every Friday, the Moslem Sunday, without fail. He is always telling his

people to go to church, for they are lax in this respect here as well as in other places. He has no vices, and would be a model member of society in any civilized community.

The poor Khedive seems to feel very keenly the decadence of his country and its fallen fortunes. I never saw a man before with such an expression of settled melancholy on his face. Like Henry II., he is never known to smile. He is the embodiment of gloom and pensiveness. Yet he has no ardour for war and glory.

Though good, he is by no means great. When Arabi Pasha, shortly after the Khedive's accession, demanded insolently and brutally the dismissal of certain functionaries, the Khedive meekly promised compliance.

Arabi was a rebel against the lawful authority of which the Khedive was the head, and his grandfather would have cut him down on the spot with his scimitar, as Akbar did in India on a very similar occasion. Tewfik Pasha did nothing of the kind, but patiently submitted to the outrage. It was this submission that enabled Arabi to concentrate the power in his own hands, and which subsequently led to the invasion and conquest by the English. If he had shown firmness at first, he might have been prince of Egypt to-day in reality rather than in appearance.

The Khedive is about forty years of age, speaks French fluently, and English with difficulty. In common with all the Egyptians, he does not take to the English language very readily, nor indeed perhaps, also like them, to the English soldiers. He was educated at Paris, and is very courteous and affable to those whom he receives. But he always talks in such a grave and solemn manner, and with such a sedate aspect, that the bright sun of Egypt penetrating to the audience-chamber scarce dispels the gloom that appears to pervade both him and his surroundings. One is glad to leave the gorgeous palace and go where the birds chatter and the fountains play in the sunny streets of antique dirty Cairo.

On the occasion of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, the Khedive said to a friend of mine, "Are you going to the review this afternoon?"

My friend replied that he certainly was going.

"Well," continued the Khedive, "you will see something curious. You will see me on a horse for the first time in ten years."

He looked that afternoon very much as if he would have liked to stay at home. He was unable to manage his horse, though apparently a well-trained animal, and I think every one was relieved when the review ended without a catastrophe. There occurred at this same review an incident which, to those nations who fondly hope that the

English have not come to stay, ought to be very significant. After the review proper was over, the Prince left the reviewing post and assumed command of the army in person. There were only three thousand Egyptian and two thousand English soldiers composing the force, and I am told that the Prince never did this at home in England, even when there were as many as twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand men under arms. Yet he did it here, and advanced with the army at his heels and saluted the Khedive, who responded. For five minutes only the heir to the British throne commanded Egyptian troops, and the Egyptian prince was present and permitted it to be done without remonstrances. Five minutes is not very long, but it is enough to an outsider to establish the legitimacy of the English control over Egypt. To my mind, if they are going to keep India, they must also possess Egypt. Egypt is not so valuable, but it is quite essential to the preservation of India.

Few people know how much good the English get out of India. One has to go there, travel, and study the statistics of the trade between the two countries. There are two hundred and fifty million people in India, and they all labour for the benefit of the thirty million English in Britain. The innumerable millions of India buy everything they need of England; countless yards of cloth stuffs,

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furniture, liquors, etc. They send in return teas and coffees which England could get nowhere else in such quantities and so cheap.

India is the dumping ground of all the surplus manufactures of England, and with such an immense population everything is sold some time or another. Therefore the people in India are all poor and England is very rich.

I do not know that this makes very much difference to India, for they have always been so, but it makes a very great difference to the English nation.

I should certainly advise the English, looking at it from my point of view, never to give up India, especially as it costs them nothing.

It would certainly be very difficult—in fact, quite impossible—to hold India with Egypt in the hands of a hostile power. Before the days of steam and the Suez Canal, every one had to go round by the Cape of Good Hope, so that all nations were on an equal footing. But now steam and the Canal bring the East and the West into close communion. If the Canal were shut to English and opened to hostile vessels, what might not happen? The first would have to go round by Southern Africa, and make a voyage under steam of six weeks or two months, while the latter could bombard Bombay in two weeks after leaving Suez. The Indian ports are not strongly fortified, and the coast would be at the mercy of the foe.

The Hindoos will rest quiet just as long as England grants and affords them peace and protection. But if she fails to do either, will they still work on uncomplainingly and unceasingly?

There are one hundred and sixty thousand English and two hundred and fifty million other human beings in India. Will the two hundred and fifty million remain content under the dominion of the one hundred and sixty thousand, if it takes two months for them to secure assistance, while in the mean time their seaport towns are bombarded, burnt, and destroyed? The patience of Hindoos might endure, but that of Christian nations would not, in such a state of affairs.

The Canal is under international law, but the contingency of a war must be discounted, and the fact that such a risk exists ought to justify the English, now that they are in Egypt, in staying there. For a small force on land could render the Canal impassable, even if Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez were in the hands of friendly garrisons.

It must not be forgotten that it is a very narrow body of water, running ninety miles through a trackless desert, with no towns or villages along its banks except at either end and midway. It is, moreover, only about a hundred miles from Cairo and Alexandria. One's ideas of Egypt's dimensions are prone to amplify its actual territory. There is no country

that has so much renown and so great a history which is confined within such a narrow sphere as is the Delta; and there is no other country that has so important a position on the world's surface, for it is half-way between the Orient and the Occident. It has always been esteemed important from the earliest days, and will be so in a much greater degree in the future. For it is only now, since Alexander's time, that the countless multitudes of China and Asia are meeting face to face the scarcely less numerous peoples of Europe. In past ages far Cathay and the population thereof have been materials only for the poets; in the future they will be a positive reality for statesmen and warriors to reckon with. The long lethargic isolation of the far East from the rest of the world is at an end. Either they will come to us or we shall go to them. The earth is too small for great bodies of peoples to live in ignorance of or without relations with other races. The whole inhabitable surface of the globe is known, except Central Africa, and Stanley is fast completing the marvellous task of giving to civilization a new world. Unknown races can never again come from unknown regions and devastate the cultivated lands. No Marius will ever be needed, for there will be no Cimbri nor Teutons of harsh aspect to pour down on peaceful valleys, clad in the skins of wild beasts. The exploits of Alaric and Attila will never be

repeated. Nor can a future Tamerlane gather myriads of men and spring into a semi-civilized world like a tiger into the arena.

If one might stop to think a little it could well be said that it has taken us humans all the centuries from Menes, the first King of Egypt and the world, until now to know fully the globe given to us as a residence by Providence. For it is within the past fifty years that we have fairly well explored every part. Until lately Africa, Australia, and the South Sea Archipelago were still unknown and unmapped. That has been done, not so thoroughly as it will be in the future, but sufficiently well to leave us no longer in doubt as to what might be found. With the better knowledge of our own houses and grounds comes also the knowledge of those of our neighbours. Thus it is true that for the first time in the records of history we know each other from end to end of the sphere. It is also true that we can now call upon each other without taking a whole year. Europe will have to consider in the immediate future others besides those who live on its soil. I think it was Talleyrand who said that the day when America appeared in the affairs of Europe, it would be good-bye to peace for many a year.

I do not think we are more bloodthirsty or warlike than the peoples of Europe myself. We have many weak neighbours, but instead of absorbing we

protect them. Europe is divided into several camps, each camp being a powerful nation. All the smaller nations have been eaten up, and those left, such as Holland and Belgium, will very likely disappear after the war for which we all wait, wondering why it does not come. Therefore, since the world has grown smaller with our increased knowledge, we must reckon more directly with each other in all future contingencies. Nations like the Egyptian, the only remains of the really old world left, cannot exist independently. The country is not sufficiently large; there are not enough people. Except in religion, they belong to no race on the earth. They are of the Past, not of the Present.

CHAPTER XII.

HANIM.

LIVING in Cairo was a young American named Carleton. He had taken a house in the native quarter of the town. One Saturday evening he invited some of us to his place. It was situated in a pleasant garden, with a fountain playing in front, and a vista of palm trees and ruined mosques in the background. The building was a stone structure of one story, with a dozen rooms. He had three servants, all Arabs. His first cook had been a Greek. In ten days Carleton discovered that of the money he gave him every morning to go to the market and buy meat and vegetables with, the modern Aristides kept half. The worst of it was that after he had sent him away, the milkman, vegetable-man, and ice-man came to Carleton and said that the Greek had not paid them a piastre after the first day.

"Why did you trust him?" asked Carleton.

"Oh, he said that you would only give him

money every two weeks to pay the bills. And we knew that you were an American, and therefore very rich, so we were glad to wait."

Carleton, for the honour of the "Americans, all very rich," felt he had to pay these little accounts. But even then he had not heard the last of the rascally fellow. Aristides actually went to the Greek consul and laid a complaint against Carleton for the balance of the month's wages. The Greek consul sent a note to the American consul, and he, as in duty bound, forwarded a copy of the complaint to Carleton. The latter, on inquiry, found that the case, if tried, would come up before the Mixed Court, and that it would cost him in fees for lawyers, who are as great harpies in the Orient as in the Occident, about a hundred dollars. The Greek had very likely found some legal wretch to prosecute the claim for half the possible proceeds. They thought that Carleton would submit to the twenty-five dollars demanded by the Greek rather than pay one hundred dollars in court expenses. However, he did no such thing. He knew that if he should have him arrested for robbery, that being a criminal offence, the trial would come off before the Greek consul sitting alone as judge, and the latter would not be too severe where his own countryman was concerned against a foreigner. Nevertheless Carleton wrote a note to the American consul

refusing to pay a cent, stating he was ready to go to court, no matter at what cost, adding that if he was sued civilly he would prosecute the Greek criminally, even before the Greek consul. He also wrote that his other servants had every morning seen him give money to Aristides, who daily rendered him a statement of his disbursements, which he would prove untrue; and, finally, that all the men whom Aristides had left unpaid were ready to go into court and testify. The American consul sent a copy of this to the Greek consul, and nothing more was done. Only a few weeks after, this same poor devil of a Greek came into Carleton's salon and actually begged for alms. It appeared that his escapade had got known in the town. All the Arab cooks, who are jealous of the Levantines, combined and boycotted him. It was not that he stole, for they all do that; but he stole in such a clumsy manner that they despised him. And then to go afterwards to his consul! That was even too much for Arab morality. So, as he was a good cook and in their way, for there is not a first-class Arab cook in Egypt, they told the story of the American in every place where he looked for work, and, of course, no one would hire him. Carleton gave the fellow a good lecture and some money. He took the last, listened to the first, and asked for a certificate of good character, which is commonly

given to departing servants. He did not get it, but was shown the door in haste.

In the next two months Carleton had four successive cooks. The first could not open a pomegranate successfully; the next got drunk on mestiche, and was helplessly imbecile just one hour before the time set for a breakfast to which Carleton had invited several pashas and the consul-general. Imagine his feelings! Where to go, what to do? He would have liked to crucify the barbarian; but Ibrahim looked up in a vacant sort of way when he was told to leave the mansion, said *Tay-eb* (all right), went out, and laid himself down peacefully to sleep in the very shadow of the fountain, so that every one coming in had almost to step over his slumbering form, redolent with odours not of "Araby the Blest."

Happily for all concerned, Carleton did not know of this agreeable episode until it was over. Luckily also, one of the other servants was something of a cook, and he called in to his aid the cook of some English officers who messed together just across the street. Every one worked hard and faithfully, so when the guests came the breakfast went off in fairly good shape. Ibrahim's invaluable services were dispensed with, and he went away grumbling at the Americans who got mad and discharged their servants for such "very little things." His third

cook he found was stealing; not very much, it was true, for he did not get the chance, but still he filched a few piastres every morning from the marketing. His fourth was tolerable, and at last our host thought he was free from care; but one fine morning a letter came from Lord E——, who was going up the Nile. Having had this cook before, he wanted him again. So, as the servants who go up the Nile get double pay and several months' steady work, off he went, taking with him the waiter, Carleton's best servant. By this time the latter did not know what to do. He thought seriously of throwing up his lease, giving up his fond ideas of studying Egyptian life in its home surroundings, and going to the Club to live. Moreover, he had a bad name. So many cooks had come and gone from his house, that the Arabs began to think him a hard case. It must be his fault when no one stayed. That he should send a cook away because he got drunk once in a while, or abstracted a few miserable piastres occasionally, was something too sordid for their lofty minds. He was told that the sheikh of the guild of cooks had had his attention called to his transgressions. He would be given one more trial, and if then he did not amend, why, possibly the sheikh would issue a firman commanding all patriotic Egyptian cooks sternly to avoid the lawless American, and let him prepare his

own food. However, he had a bright Arab in his service named Hassan, who was the waiter. He told all to Hassan, and asked him to find a cook, one of his own friends if it were at all possible. If not, Carleton declared he would leave, for he would not brook the sheikh's intermeddling.

Hassan had his own place to preserve. He promised to do his best. For two days Carleton ate at the Khedivial Club, while Hassan went into the country. Thence he returned with one Ismayin, a tall, lanky, frowsy fellah from one of the Nile villages. He had been in a French mansion at Cairo for about a year, and spoke a strange mixture of French and Arabic, but not a word of English. They had to lock up all the liquors, for he would get drunk every time that he had the chance, and when he went away in the evening they were never sure that he would come back. So they gave him an old blanket and made him sleep under a mandarin tree in the garden. The Cairo cooks always sleep in their own houses, never where they work.

On the other hand, Ismayin had the elements of a good cook. He was docile, quick to learn, and very cleanly in the kitchen. In a little while he could furnish a very fair dinner, and as he did not know the Cairo brotherhood, Carleton was free from the wiles of those freebooters. Henceforward he was more at his ease, and could invite his friends

both native and foreign, without serious misgivings as to what might happen in the kitchen and dining-room.

On this Saturday night, he had assembled about a dozen persons, of whom four were native officers in the Egyptian military and civil service, one of them being a full-blooded Turk from Constantinople. The others included all the Americans then in Cairo, and a couple of Englishmen.

We were invited to see a dance performed by the Ghawazee, or professional female dancers. These are not to be confounded with the Almées. The latter may be married, and very often mingle other avocations with dancing. But the Ghawazee, who are raised in Upper Egypt, though a few come from Syria, are trained from birth. Their limbs and bodies, from constant attention and practice, are as supple and flexible as those of an American acrobat. They are selected for their beauty of face and figure, and if their girlhood years do not in this regard fulfil the promises of childhood, they are at once discarded. After the age of twenty or twenty-two, they quit the profession, for from that period the body does not appear to possess the same lightness and agility.

It is odd to say, but this class of professional dancers, the Ghawazee, who always uncover their faces, and a goodly part of their bodies to the unholy gaze of their auditors, are some of the most re-

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spectable women in Egypt. Their work makes very severe demands upon their strength, so that they cannot afford to give way to any phase of wanton living, but are compelled to restrict themselves to a *régime* of almost athletic training. These pretty and good dancers are highly paid, and take a pride in doing their part well. It cost Carleton seventy-five dollars for four dancers and two old women, who played, one upon a narrow drum, using the palms of her hands as drum-sticks, and the other on a kind of banjo. Within the tombs of Beni-Hassan are sculptured on the walls women who dance and sing to the music of instruments very much like those used to-day for the same purpose.

The modern Egyptian Nile Ghawazee, if she has been pretty and skilful, retires soon after she is twenty with a full purse, marries, and settles down. She is gladly welcomed by her society, and sets a good example for all young girls who are inclined to languish for the possession of a nice red fez or clean white turban. Yet those we saw that night had some curious ways. They never were without a cigarette in their mouths, and they drank fearful quantities of sweet sherbet and cheap cognac. In the intervals of dancing they seated themselves around the old women, who crooned a weird, melancholy Arab tale of love and death. During these interludes the girls, ranging from fifteen to nineteen,

ate lentils, candied cakes, and drank coffee. The little wretches seemed to have insatiable appetites for eating and drinking, and they smoked during the entertainment, which lasted far into the night, two boxes of cigarettes holding one hundred each.

They were dressed in brilliant costumes of transparent gauze spangled with gold. The collars and head-dress were intermingled with red corals and small gold coins threaded together. Just below the bosom the uncovered body was embraced by a golden girdle, two inches wide, set with emeralds, turquoises, rubies, and diamonds. Immediately above the waist, the skirt was held in place by a similar golden and jewelled belt, leaving bare that portion of the form between the two circlets. Their eyelids were darkened with kohl, and the finger and toe nails reddened with henna. For they dance with bare feet, and their lovely little ankles were musical with bangles of gold and silver to the number of at least a dozen, including several made in the shape of a Nile serpent.

The dances took place in the centre of the apartment, where was specially placed a soft Persian carpet. The Ghawazee very seldom dance more than one at a time. Nor is the movement in any sense approaching our home dances, even on the minstrel stage. The Oriental is in his amusements, as in his life, voluptuous and lymphatic. He does not

want anything that will tend to excite him to emulation or activity of the mind or body. He is a dreamer, and his pleasures must be only waking dreams. The wavy, willowy movement of the gauzy, golden, flesh-hued figure before him, flashing with light and colour and passion, enthrals his senses. The little feet sunk in the fruit of Teheran's looms move slowly, noiselessly by, while the lissome limbs and a slender form glowing with life undulate to the melody of Pharaonic songs.

The best dance of the evening, by the best dancer, lasted half an hour; yet she did not lift her feet from the carpet, nor did she move out of a space a yard wide. Amina fascinated us all by the langorous motions of her body, the serpentine grace of her movements, and her moist almond eyes, revealing that she was a marvel of passionate chastity and pride. After a while she gave us a new dance. A tiny glass of sherbet, flecked with pomegranate, was placed in the middle of the carpet. The Ghawazee keeping accord, in the sinuous motions of her lithe form, to the rhythm of the music, but never stirring her feet, gradually lowered her body until her lips approached the delicious draught. Then, without touching the carpet or the sherbet with her hands, she took the little glass between her lips, drank the liquid, and replaced the empty vessel upright on the carpet. It was done so daintily, so roguishly,

with such spirit and dexterity, that we were all delighted. Later on came the sword dance, which by no means equalled in interest or pleasure the sherbet dance. A pair of drawn scimitars was simply placed crosswise on the rug, and the dancers, two in number, interlaced arms and, waving with their free hands scarlet silken handkerchiefs, lightly tripped between the weapons. It is a graceful, but by no means dangerous, feat; for, though the scimitars have bright surfaces, the distance between them is ample, and the Ghawazee's unsandaled feet are small.

Seated on a divan in a corner of the room were several female figures carefully veiled. Their dresses were covered with the silken habbarah, closely enveloping them from head to foot, and their faces veiled by the yashmak with its ivory support pendant from the forehead, leaving nothing visible save large brilliant black eyes and neatly gloved hands. We had been told that there would be some Egyptian ladies present, and were asked not to address them, with which request, of course, we complied. They sat out the whole of the entertainment, speechless, motionless, like so many statues of Hathor, except that they did not refuse champagne when offered them by the attendants. Being men, of course we were dying to know who and what they were, and how they came to be there;

for it is very rare indeed that Egyptian women are present at a dance of the Ghawazee at the same time as the other sex. At a breakfast given to Carleton a day or two afterwards by some of us, he, in response to our insistent questions, told us a strange tale. He said shortly after he had taken his house he invited to breakfast with him one morning Ali Hadaar, an Arab officer, to whom he was indebted for some slight courtesies. They were quite alone, and while drinking the coffee, Ali said to him, "Are you married?"

"No," was Carleton's surprised response.

"Will you stay in Cairo many months?" continued the Arab.

"Well," Carleton replied, "that depends. I think, however, that I shall be here several months—perhaps a year."

"Why, then, don't you take a pretty Egyptian or two while you are here?"

This question rather embarrassed Carleton. "Well, you must know," he said, "that we never do those things—at least, not publicly—in America. Even unmarried men must respect the opinion of the world. Besides, my friends, including English and American ladies, have, with their husbands and fathers, visited and breakfasted with me. So, you see, it would not be at all right, you know."

"Ah!" said Ali, quickly, and with a slight move-

ment of impatience, "I don't think you quite fully understand me. I have been educated in Paris, and I know very well what you mean. But that is not what I mean. Here ideas and customs are entirely different; and you must remember that you are now in Egypt."

"Please explain," said Carleton.

"Well," said Ali, "you know by the Moslem law a man can have four wives. He can also divorce them when he pleases, and send them back to their fathers, merely returning the dowry that he received. It sometimes happens that a rich Moslem does this pretty often, and the father knows, when his daughter marries such a man, that he will very likely have to receive her back in two or three months, without any fault of hers."

"But what have we to do with all this?" cried the anxious American.

"Wait a moment, and I will presently explain," replied Ali. "It has happened that in the war with the English and in the Soudan, a good many soldiers have died, more, however, from disease than in battle. At Suakim hundreds, and especially those from Cairo, have been carried off in the last three or four years. This has left many fatherless families here, some of whom are of good position. The mothers, recognizing the Moslem law that I have described, and also, it is true, pressed by necessity,

will permit a marriage between their daughters and a foreigner whose social standing is undoubted. Therefore, if you are willing to go before the cadi, or native judge, and give a written promise that you will not send away your wife before at least three months, it will be regarded as a sort of qualified marriage, and there will be no trouble in securing you one of the beauties of El-Kahira."

"But," said Carleton, "what difference does it make whether I am or am not married? Yet you asked me that question."

"Ah! yes," said Ali quickly, "it makes just this difference. If you were married nothing of the kind could occur. We know that in your country a man can have but one wife, and that another would not be lawful. So no Moslem family would permit any of their women to be allied to a foreigner who has a wife at home. We follow our own custom, but we respect yours also, and were you married I should never have spoken."

"Well," said one of us, as Carleton stopped, "what did you do? Adopt his suggestion? And is that the explanation of the veiled ladies at your house? But in that case you must have allied yourself to all Cairo, for we saw at least a dozen pair of Hathor eyes lustrous with kohl."

We all laughed, and Carleton also. Presently he resumed—

"After thinking the matter over, and remembering the proposition came from Ali and that it was in Egypt, I requested to be permitted to see the lady, for I felt sure he had some particular one in view. But I was told that this could not be allowed until after the documents had been signed before the cadi. However, I refused pointblank to do anything more until I had an interview with her. After some delay and hesitation that point of Moslem etiquette was waived, and we met in the presence of her mother and sister, all wearing the yashmak. She presently raised her veil and disclosed the face of a very pretty girl, rather young, who looked at me with half-fearful glances, as if I were a Bashi-Bazouk. She was over the medium height, with dark-brown hair and eyes, and a complexion much fairer than most Egyptian girls. I afterwards knew that her father was a Turk who had been killed at Tel-el-Kebir six years before. I asked her through my servant, for Ali could not see her unveiled, if she was quite willing to do what was proposed. She said at once aloud, 'Yes,' but added that she would like to have her mother and sister stay with her, at least for a while. So in two or three days, everything being arranged, the whole family were transported to my house. They brought one servant, a Soudanese girl. Hanim and her mother and sister always dine alone and without

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knives and forks. I have several times tried to get her to eat with me, but she makes such a mess with the knife and fork that we have almost given it up. Sometimes I cut the meat as if she were a little child, and then she eats it, laughing like a happy spirit all the time. She seems quite contented, and her only fear is that I may ask her mother and sister to leave."

"How do you manage to get on without speaking to her, for you don't understand Arabic?" I asked.

"When we have something special to say we use as interpreter one of the servants who is very intelligent. It is marvellous, however, how easy it is to understand each other by pantomime and a few words of Arabic that she has taught me. Their ways, however, are so odd. You know that my house is an old Turkish mansion, with apartments specially built for the harem. That is separated from the rest of the house. All day long pretty Hanim stays in those rooms, never thinking of going into any other part of the house. Her mother and sister, always carefully veiled, come and go every day. Her cousins, of whom she has a legion, visit her almost daily, so she has plenty of company."

"Does she never go out?" asked the consul.

"About once a week she comes to me and asks permission to drive out for two or three hours with her mother and sister. I have told her that she could

go out every day if she wished, but she seemed horrified at the thought. Think of our home girls refusing to go shopping! But don't forget that they are like other women. Her relatives bring stuffs and silks with them from which to select if she wishes, and pedlars come very often and are always admitted. All day long the women sit in the harem, talking and smoking cigarettes."

"For Heaven's sake, your pretty Hanim doesn't smoke?"

"I am sorry to say that she does. Before she came she had never done so, but it is one of the first privileges that a girl has when she becomes a bride. Her sister doesn't smoke yet; and, by the way, I must tell you, now that I am about it, a talk that I had with Hanim the other morning. I had brought her in some jasmines and roses from the garden, for which she paid me with an arch smile and thanks. She clapped her hands and our interpreter appeared. I could see from her unusual colour that she was very agitated. She said, 'Master'—that is the name in Arabic given by all the women to the head of the household—'Master, when are you going to America?' I told her I did not exactly know, but I was afraid that I could not stay away very much longer. She hesitated a bit and then said, 'Will you take me with you?' I didn't know what to say, and as she saw me stop, a sudden light came into her soft eyes, and she

spoke eagerly as if afraid that I should not let her go on. 'If Master would only marry my sister too, and take us both with him over the seas to America, I should be so happy. I have talked to my sister, and she is quite willing. My mother says we can go with you on condition that you bring us back in two years. I love you, and don't want you to leave me. Yet I am afraid to go away all alone from my family, so if my sister could go with us, and I know she loves you too, we should be the happiest Egyptian girls in the world.' Just think of me while Hassan was slowly translating this frank proposal, with little Hanim looking down into my soul with her moist brown eyes, in her unconscious excitement crushing between her hands the pretty white jasmines that I had just given her."

We were all too much interested to laugh this time, and I said, "It must have taken the breath clean out of you. But honestly, wasn't it a very tempting offer? You never had the stamina to refuse point-blank, I am sure?"

"No," said Carleton, after a pause; "I couldn't do that. In fact, I was so confused that I hardly know what I did say. It was a poser, you may be certain. Her sister's name is Farida, and since then she comes into the salon when I am talking to Hanim much oftener than before. She is a true daughter of Isis, black hair, eyes, and eyebrows, erect as Rebecca, and

looks as if she could be a Medea when aroused by jealousy. Of course, it cannot well be, for we do not live in the time of the Pharaohs, and America is not Egypt."

What a pity everything in this world must consist of self-denial and restraint!

CHAPTER XIII.

UP THE NILE.

In December, Schuyler found it necessary to make an official visit up the Nile. We put our heads together and chartered the dahabeeyeh *Vittoria*, with a crew of fifteen men all told. We laid in good store of what was said to be necessary for a rapid Nile voyage. After a farewell dinner on the *Vittoria* to some Cairo friends, we left the landing above the bridge on a cold and misty Sunday morning. People may think it is never cold in Egypt, but if they should spend a winter there they will find out how greatly they err. In Cairo, and on the Nile especially, the months of December and January are extremely cold. The living rooms of the town are never supplied with stoves. The Egyptians gather together, and cower over a small brazier filled with charcoal, only large enough to warm the hands. Exactly the same custom is found in Japan and other Oriental lands. Yet the months of cold weather in the year are so few, that in housebuilding they are completely

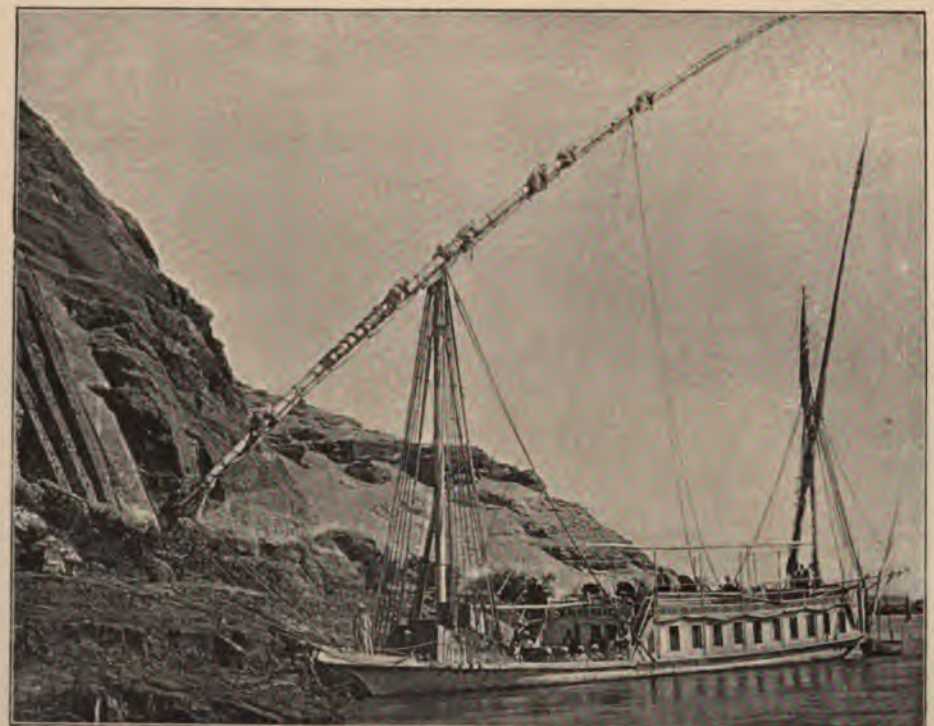
forgotten. The only stove is in the kitchen, and that is simply a small range of bricks and tiles, on the French plan, with holes for pots. It is always heated with charcoal, which gives but little warmth and less blaze. It is easily lit, and the fire dies out very soon. Fuel is scarce in Egypt; there are no coal-mines, and but very few trees around Cairo. I have seen a grove of cactus, thick and wide spreading, that was planted in one of the gardens inside the city limits, only to be cut down as firewood. It paid as well as any other product. One of the novel sights of the town, and one to which the traveller soon becomes used, is to see little girls picking up the "buffalo chips" in the streets. These are mixed with Nile mud, and spread out in the sun in round thin cakes to dry. The fuel thus prepared is sold everywhere in the poorer quarters, like any other commodity. Added to a few pieces of palm-tree wood, it makes a good enough fire to bake the bread and warm the lentils that compose the principal food of the fellaheen.

On the Nile, where the winds, when they blow, have full sweep, overcoats in the evening are very handy, for, as in the houses, no provision is made for warmth on the dahabeeyeh. The cook's galley is away forward, far away from the dining-room, and the waiters have to bring the dishes some distance in the open air. Rain falls so seldom on the Nile,

that it is never taken into account. All the crew of our vessel slept on deck in the bows, near the kitchen. The poor fellows lay down, wrapped in a thin burnous, exposed to the cold chill winds of the night, while I found two heavy blankets on top of me in my berth not uncomfortable. They never wore shoes, which was an advantage in one respect, for when we grounded on a sand-bank they were not obliged to take them off before jumping into the water. Watch is changed every hour during the night, one man at the helm, and the other at the bow. Dahabeeyehs are supposed to sail during daylight only, but our reis, or captain, never lost a favourable wind. He would arouse the men from their slumbers at midnight, hoist the two sails, and go on, if there was any chance. For the first few days we had no breeze at all, either up or down the river, so the sailors went on shore and towed the boat. It was very slow and exhausting work for men whose food consisted of hard bread, made of unsifted wheat. This bread was soaked in hot water, and then mixed with cucumbers and lentils into a porridge, which was eaten with a wooden spoon. Such, three times daily, was their sole nourishment, except when we gave them some meat. Nevertheless, on this food, with Nile water for drink, they seem to be quite hardy and capable of working all day. The absence of meat, however,

makes them comparatively thin. Very seldom does one see a fat boatman, and their legs, perhaps from constant immersion in the water, are thin and spare. Boys at the age of fifteen are paid the wages of full-grown men. For though they may not have the strength of a man, yet the agility with which an Arab boy can mount to the top of a big lateen sail, furl and unfurl it a dozen times in the day as the river winds, is invaluable on a Nile boat. The men are paid a dollar and a half a month, with a little present of perhaps a dollar at the end of the voyage. Service on a dahabeeyeh at this rate of wage is much sought after, and the cream of Nile sailors are found on these vessels. In the summer and fall, when the heat is dreadful, they work in the date-boats, bringing dates down the river to Cairo, and are paid only one dollar a month. Most of them have families living usually at little Nile villages, and on this amount they somehow manage to live.

The children work in the fields of their richer neighbours, and are paid with a portion of the crop, all of which helps a little. Very few of the sailors come from Cairo. They belong to Upper Egypt, many of them, in fact, from the Soudan or above Luxor, as can be easily known from their dusky, good-natured faces, much darker than the average Cairene. The reis is usually the owner of his



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dahabeeyeh, either entirely or with a sleeping partner. He employs and discharges the sailors, having as few or many as he wants. A vessel is taken by a foreigner at so much per month for a minimum time, and afterwards, until the end, at a rate per day previously settled. We paid thirteen dollars a day for the *Vittoria*. The first cost of a new dahabeeyeh, with good accommodation for five passengers, is about three thousand dollars. It contains, besides five sleeping-rooms, none of them being wide enough for two persons, bath-rooms, salon, and a large dining-room, with plenty of lockers for clothes, and a place to put away wines and stores. If any heating apparatus is required, voyagers must see to that themselves on leaving Cairo, by taking a lamp or foot-stove.

We had with us, besides the crew, three of our own servants. One was the cook; another an Arab, whom I had employed in my home at Cairo, and found quite faithful; and the last the cavásse of the Consulate of the United States. Suleyman was a character. He had been in the service of the Government, under various consul-generals, for a number of years, and had been taken by Admiral Porter once upon a time to Washington. He spoke English very well, and had a most exalted opinion of himself as representing America. America in Egypt means the United States. They

do not appear to know any other country or people beyond the Atlantic, but all are included in the generic term of America, not the United States.

Suleyman wore a lovely costume of blue trousers and loose jacket, amply ornamented with gold embroidery. On gala occasions he carried his gold-hilted scimitar, sheathed in a scabbard of like appearance, and a courbash. The courbash, or whip, was then as necessary to Suleyman's diplomatic brain as his scimitar, and he was never seen with only one of them. In sublime self-confidence and "cheek" he was a true American. I never saw an Egyptian his equal in that respect, and I fancy that it must have been constant meeting with our countrymen that inspired him with this republican virtue. He had no more hesitation in browbeating the post-clerks in the various little villages on the Nile, than he had in brandishing his whip of rhinoceros hide in the face of the ordinary coachman at Cairo, who happened to be in the way of the consul's carriage. If there was no wind and a bad bit of bank to pull over, he would disappear, whip in hand, and presently drive to the shore half a dozen natives to help the boatmen. This was one of the things, among many others, that he would do, in despite of our orders, threats, and remonstrances. He had just as much regard for truth as he thought necessary or service-

able for the time being; and in innocent ignorance of that which he ought to know, he would deceive the very devil.

Withal he was willing, good-natured, like all the Egyptians, and never sullen. It is an excellent trait of their character that no matter how much or how often they are scolded, they come up the next morning bright and smiling. I sometimes think of them only as grown-up children, for in many respects they act as if their mental capacity had never been fully developed.

We arrived at Beni-Sooef about a week after leaving Cairo. It is a modern town, and possesses few relics of antiquity. Narrow lanes, dirty children, numerous pigeons. Here begins the raising of pigeons in the Nile villages of Upper Egypt, which is so noticeable an industry. They are cared for not alone as food, but to produce manure for the fields. Most of the houses are crowned with pigeon cotes, and the birds live in great peace and comfort along with the dogs and chickens that also make the house-tops their promenade. The huts are low and of one story, with flat roofs, and there is usually a pile of garbage near enough to the roof to enable an intelligent dog or turkey to mount thereon.

In the night it is the favourite resting-place of the dogs, and at first it startles one to walk in the evening along a street, and suddenly hear the sharp

yelp of two or three of the wolf-like creatures just above one's head. They have long thin noses, narrow mouths, with sharp fangs, and are only domesticated wolves or jackals. Indeed, wolves are to-day found in the Libyan mountains; and one of the largest towns on the Nile was in ancient times called Lycopolis, from the numerous wolves that ravaged the land in the vicinity.

At Beni-Sooef we were welcomed by the American consul, who is a Copt or native Christian. He and his fathers before him have been our agents for thirty-two years, and the family is quite rich. He received us in a large, roomy, lumbering old house, with white-washed ceilings and sides, and a clay floor covered with matting. A pleasant-fared, cheery old gentleman, with an immaculate white robe and neat tarbush. He invited us to dinner, having at first sent to the *Vittoria* for wine. Beni-Sooef had no wineshops, and the consul's cellar was bereft of that sinful commodity. The dinner was very good, with rice pilaf, turkeys, chicken, mutton, and several dishes of sweets. The dessert is half the banquet in Egypt. The people are inordinately fond of sugared dates and figs. There were two kinds of pudding, and a cake with soft candy scattered through it, as we have raisins. I wonder how their teeth are so fine and white.

The banquet lasted nearly three hours, and to the

end the consul-general and myself ate of every course. There were several local notables present, yet, save the mudir, or governor, not one of them, including the consul, spoke any other language than Arabic. One might have supposed that, after representing America for thirty-two years, some one of the family would have learned a little English, but all the consul and his sons could say was "Yes" and "No."

The American flag waved from the roof, and portraits of several Presidents ornamented the principal apartment, including a large medallion picture of General Grant, to which his autograph was attached. It will be remembered that he visited Egypt and went up the Nile to Luxor in 1879.

We were presented to none of the ladies of the household, nor did we see them. Though the Copts are Christians, yet, after living on the Nile for centuries, they have imbibed the ideas of their neighbours, the Moslems, and keep their women quite as secluded as the most fanatical believer in Mahomet.

On our return to the boat we received a visit from the mudir. There are six of these district governors in Upper Egypt. The governor was a very agreeable young man, dressed in European costume. He was as courteous and fastidious in actions and appearance as a Sultan or Khedive.

We learned in the conversation which ensued that he was a son of Riaz Pasha, the prime minister. I was surprised to see him living in such a spot, for all these places on the Nile are but villages, of greater or lesser extent, peopled with illiterate fellaheen, and there is no opportunity for either distinction or pleasure. On my return to Cairo I heard that the young man had been slightly implicated, together with several other Egyptian nobles, in a gaming scandal at a private club in Cairo. Among the number was a cousin of the Khedive, and interested in the game were several English officers. It came to the ears of the Government through English official information, and the Khedive, who was furious, banished them all from Cairo to various places in Europe and Egypt. It was not a case of "spoiling the Egyptian," but the reverse. Yet it was hardly that either. For though the Egyptians won, they were punished and not paid. I cannot say that the English refused to pay, or that they talked, but through their side it leaked out, and they were ordered by their superior officers not to pay their losses; which instructions were strictly obeyed.

On a bright Sunday morning, with the wind blowing strong from the North, we left Beni-Sooef, enriched by a sheep and a couple of turkeys, presented by our consul. With clear starlight the *Vittoria* kept on its course, and the next day arrived

at a point opposite the famous tombs of Beni-Hassan. These are on the east side of the river, about a mile from the bank, and are half-way up the almost precipitous cliffs of limestone. The Mokkattam chain of hills, under various names, extends parallel with the Nile from Cairo to Assouan, a distance of almost seven hundred miles. The range is scarcely high enough to be called mountains, for only occasional peaks have an altitude of more than a thousand feet, while the average height is a great deal less. It extends easterly, as a plateau, to the Red Sea, and is traversed by valleys of sandy desert, peopled by nomadic Bedouins. On the plateau there is no water, but wells were dug in some of the gorges centuries and centuries ago, and they yet furnish drink to man and beast. The cattle find little to eat save some grasses that grow near the wells, yet somehow they live. What fearful places these narrow sandy ravines between the arid steep cliffs must be in the long hot summer days! Being without water and verdure, the sand reflects the heat, and the bare rocks of the slopes blister even the pachydermatous feet of the natives. Nothing is met with save the white bones of dead animals, and nothing seen but the gigantic vulture, who flies reluctantly away from his loathsome food as the traveller appears. Who could make a choice between Siberia and Eastern Egypt? Who would choose

to live rather than die there? For all that, the pressure of population in these old lands has been so great that human beings have lived in it from the darkest past. It may be also that, as no one wanted these burning ravines, they were free to roam there undisturbed, and to the Bedouin the desert is liberty. No Pharaoh ever placed his temples in their midst, and the sun was worshipped by these ancient banditti in their own simple way, and not with leopard-clothed priests.

Walls were built forty centuries ago, closing up the mouths of the gorges as they entered on the Nile valley. The barriers extended across the passes from bluff to bluff, and, fashioned in this wise, the prototype of the Chinese Wall was hundreds of miles in length. It endured for ages, but the marauders often scaled the summit or broke through the passes. They were robbers from necessity. Like Napoleon's army in Italy, they had nothing and the enemy everything. Taking their neighbours' goods became the first article of the Bedouin's religion, and it is the oldest religion in the world, for this cardinal feature has remained unchanged. They are also the first republicans that are told of in History's annals, as they had neither Pharaoh nor king as ruler. Each family, with its children, grandchildren, and relatives, was a complete entity, and obeyed only the oldest man in the camp. He was their patriarch,

and the obedience rendered him was due to his age and wisdom. He punished and rewarded with justice and severity, dividing impartially the booty stolen in their forays. On an expedition they joined forces with other clans, but after the return to their desert homes, separated as before. The tent was their house and the whole desert their home, for, like the waves of the sea, the Bedouins were never quiet, but always restless and in motion.

Formerly, a Bedouin guilty of a crime was at once punished in the desert. To-day he is banished from home, and sent down to the Nile valley. The poor peasants working patiently in the fields respect his stalwart form and fear his piercing eye. Instead of sending him back, or handing him over to the authorities as a robber, they permit him to settle down among them, marry their daughters, and live in peace. But our Bedouin does not want to live in peace. His freebooting instincts are strong, and, as he cannot for very shame steal from the villagers who have given him shelter and a home, he appeases his conscience by stealing from every one else. This was the reason why our reis would not anchor at the village of Beni-Hassan, but a long way above, and insisted on a guard being stationed on land in front of the dahabeeyeh during the night. It seems that two or three Bedouins in each village turn things upside down, and make the whole people like

themselves, so that all the country on the Arabian side of the river is in an uproar, and no one of the Nile sailors dare leave his boat to go far inland.

We mounted the diminutive donkeys and went as far as we could with them up the steep roadside to the cliff. It took three men and a chair to hoist the consul-general on to his docile animal, and after a hundred yards he said, "There's a bit of a ditch ahead, and if my donkey tries to step across it, I shall fall off sure, so I guess I will get off and walk."

"For Heaven's sake," I said, "don't do it. With your avoirdupois you'll give out and turn back before we get there. Let the donkey cave in first."

But at sight of the ditch, which was quite a foot wide and of corresponding depth, he was appalled, and slid off his foaming charger's back with wonderful celerity for a man who weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. The donkey looked relieved.

"It's no use talking," said the consul; "I never could ride. I don't know how my brother got on at West Point; but if he isn't a better rider than I, Uncle Sam must have at least one poor cavalry officer."

He trudged on through the ploughed fields manfully, and presently we emerged on the sand and went up to the tombs by the ancient road. Blocks of stone were laid down, and with a little work it could be all exposed. The tombs are midway up

the hillside, and range parallel to each other for several hundred yards. More than thirty have been found and opened, and doubtless many others will be discovered in the future, for there is no reason why there should not be hundreds. All the books in the world do not give one so good an idea of a place as seeing it with one's own eyes. For instance, I had already known that the Egyptians buried mummies on the other side of the river from the towns in which they lived, but I never knew why. At Beni-Hassan, at least, the reason was quite clear. The valley of the Nile is from one to ten miles wide on the west bank, and the Libyan range is quite distant. On the east side, the valley is hardly a mile across until it juts up against the Arabian hills. Now, in the inundation, a good part of the valley on both sides is flooded for two or three months, and as the west side was the widest, and the side where naturally people would live and cultivate the land, they did not want their dead to be covered with water every year, so they took them over the Nile from west to east, and interred them in the rock recesses of the limestone cliffs, whose base was frequently washed by the Nile waves when in flood.

Again, though they took good care of their bodies when dead, they also thought of themselves when living, and a mummy deep down in the rocky slopes occupied no part of the valley that might be used to

produce food for the living. There is no instance of an ancient cemetery being found among the cultivated fields. The great had their separate vaults hewn out of the living rock, and the less were thrown into pits just on the edge of the desert, where not even the most stunted palm or tiny lichen ever waved over their remains. A more dreary place than the spot where these pits were, on the white starving sand at the entrance to a gorge, cannot well be imagined. Far different was it on the cliffs overlooking the wide river and green valley, where rested the embalmed bodies of the Egyptian aristocrat.

The principal tombs of Beni-Hassan are of the twelfth dynasty, five thousand years ago. Discovered only this century, they have been hidden by the *débris* that had fallen and been thrown down on the entrances from above. The doors, with two columns of the native rock between, usher one to a large chamber, covered on both roof and sides with hieroglyphics and pictures. These are cut into the rock, and the room itself is supported by a number of columns left standing as supports when the excavation was made. Very few remains of Egyptian architecture, exclusive of the Pyramids, exist to-day that are older than Beni-Hassan; therefore they are wonderfully attractive, both to the antiquarian and the ordinary traveller. The

soft limestone that forms these hills is very easy to fashion, and is not brittle. It cuts well, leaving a smooth shining surface, and does not break off like a more stubborn material, although it hardens on exposure to the atmosphere. One can almost shave it with a good penknife. Water, of course, never enters, for it seldom rains, and the cliffs have not a spring nor a drop of water within their recesses. The hot summer sun dries the mountains until they are as parched as the mummies that rest so serenely on their stony couches. The columns near the roof are rounded to resemble lotus leaves, the flutes swelling outward and gradually narrowing near the top. I afterwards found the same type in all the temples and older tombs. One might believe that the men who built and ornamented these funeral vaults knew that the day would come when their nation, history, customs, and language would be unknown; that their existence, so far back, would be no more than a Nile myth, and that later ages would only think of them, if at all, as savages. Else why did they paint so vividly, so truly, and so carefully the most prosaic and commonplace events of daily life, if it were not to show the extent of their refinement and civilization? Nearly everything on the walls of Beni-Hassan points to life, hardly anything to death. The sculptured resting-places of the enshrined mummies recount to the

eye, which does not require a knowledge of hieroglyphics to understand, the ordinary avocations of the Nile peasant. Here are depicted sowing and reaping, vine gathering and pressing, the making and launching of boats, weaving and dyeing of linen, driving and killing of cattle, and feeding and enumerating untold quantities of geese, chickens, and sheep. There is but little that is warlike or pompous in these coloured and chiselled outlines; they give us plain matter-of-fact delineations of domestic life and customs, even to the whipping of a refractory servant by the bastinado. Nor does one observe anything immoral or indecent in these paintings. They could be shown to Sabbath-school children with perfect propriety.

The colouring of the pictures is fast going year after year, and every once in a while some rascal of a native, and very often a foreigner also, breaks off some priceless cartouche or segment of painting and takes it away. Just before we got to Beni-Hassan, complaint had been made at Cairo that seven cartouches of various Pharaohs had been cut from the walls and stolen. They are priceless, for they are fifty centuries old, and cannot be replaced.

While we were there, an English officer of the police arrived with some soldiers to look into the robbery, but I learned some weeks later that he had not been able to trace the thieves. The Nile Arab

can sell the cartouches to people who know their value for two hundred and fifty dollars to five hundred dollars each, as they would be the gem of any private collection. And the honesty of no American or European seems to be proof against such a temptation, even if he knows that the cartouches have been filched from the chambers of the dead.

There is supposed to be a guardian of the tombs, and certainly the Cairo Government endeavours to provide liberally and justly for the safety of all the old monuments; but at Beni-Hassan we never met the guardian during our whole visit.

I went into the last of the sculptured tombs alone, and made my way to the shaft in the corner of the chamber. I looked down into its dark depths, and wondered how many years had gone by since it was first occupied by its dead owner. In after ages he and his coffin had been taken out, broken, and destroyed by reckless invaders, and the mummy of the "good servant" of Osurtasen I. rested not in the tomb that he had so carefully and lovingly prepared. Through the gloom I heard rustling, and a long snake glided by my feet and threw itself with a dull thud down on the stones that filled up the crypt below. It must have fallen fifteen feet, and, as I held my torch over the well, I could see it move slowly away in the vaulted recesses beneath the rock floor on which I stood.

High up above me on the painted walls were offerings to Osiris, and among the emblems of worship I could faintly see, cut into the enduring stone, the sinuous outlines of a serpent of old Nile, of the same length and shape as the one which had just leaped from light above to darkness below. Nothing seems unchanged in this old Egypt, and the centuries are but as days in her life.

On the return to the boat, we went a little out of the road in the desert to see the cat mummies and select some examples. Right in the sandy level plain, not more than four or five feet from the surface, were numerous uncovered circular holes, about eight feet in diameter. Each pit was full of the mummied bodies of cats, carefully swathed in bands and folds of linen. The pits were close together, and the sands around were strewn with the broken bones, mummies, and bandages of these animals. Not only cats and kittens rested peacefully in their last sleep, but dogs, jackals, and even pigs had found in their great sorrow dear ones who, with delicate hands and deep emotion, had carefully laid them in their linen shroud to their eternal rest. This solemn necropolis of those whose virtues and deeds have never yet been fully related was unearthed thirty years ago, and, by the vandal hands of the natives, is being fast emptied of its precious remains. I surmise that the value of these relics

may not always be the same, and that the time approaches when a varied assortment of domestic animals with appendages complete and three thousand years old, will not be furnished for the small sum of one dollar. Our funeral procession, on its way to the *Vittoria*, encountered the Bishop of Truro and several other clergymen bound for Beni-Hassan, astride of red-saddled donkeys. Though aware of the sacred character of our *cortége*, they did not arrest their rapid progress, but simply smiled and passed on.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO LUXOR.

On returning to the *Vittoria* we hoisted sail, for there was a fair breeze from the north, and headed up the river for Assiout, where we arrived next day. It is the largest town in Egypt south of Cairo. Only the latter city and Alexandria are larger.

The railway terminates here, two hundred and twenty-nine miles from Cairo. It belongs to the Government, and is a good paying line.

Assiout is on the western side of the Nile, as are most of the places in Upper Egypt. The Nile valley is wider on that side, for the Libyan hills do not come so near the river as does the Arabian range on the east. The town extends a mile or so from the bank, in a close compact form. Land is so valuable for cultivation, and there is so little of it, that none is wasted. Except the few stone and white-washed mansions of the beys and pashas, the city is built of low, brown clay houses of one story, one room, and no window, with mud floors, and is divided by

narrow lanes without sidewalks. Yet these houses are by no means so squalid and uncomfortable as one might think from this description. The fire, which is made of droppings, as I have already described, is only used half an hour in the morning and evening, so there is no smoke. It hardly ever rains, and the weather is so warm for nine months of the twelve, that every one except the mosquitoes and flies is, from daylight to dusk, out of doors. The huts remind me greatly of those belonging to the peasantry in the south of Ireland, except that it is a good deal more pleasant in Egypt, and the people live with less toil.

Before the fall of Gordon and Khartoum, Assiout was the centre of the Soudanese trade, all of the camel caravans making it their point for arrival and departure, as it was the head of the railway. This traffic must have been of very considerable magnitude, for every one now laments its loss, and the consequent stagnation in business, not only at Assiout, but in all Upper Egypt.

We found the governor an energetic old Egyptian, with plenty of life and spirit, which was a marvel to see here. He was full of irrigation schemes, and has a plan of his own to double the water supply and production of his district. Up here they raise only one crop a year, while in the Delta five crops are garnered in two years from some places.

Of the forty-five thousand people that live here, fully one-third are Copts, and they are the richest and most prosperous of the inhabitants. The American consul is considered the richest man in Assiout. He owns several thousand acres of the best lands, valued at one hundred dollars per acre, besides a number of stone houses, which are very costly, two or three large gardens, and a sugar-mill. The family have had the agency for thirty years. It descends from father to son as an inheritance, though every consul-general sent over here from America has the power to change the representatives in all the towns of Egypt under his jurisdiction. It seems odd that nearly all our consuls are Copts. Yet they comprise but one-tenth of the population. It is also something to observe that they are all rich. There must be an advantage in being a foreign consul that I do not as yet understand.

Of the few Americans who go up the Nile, hardly one calls at the various consulates on the river, and we have not yet found a single American, except the missionaries, who lives in Egypt south of Cairo. At the head of the American Missionary Society in Egypt is Dr. Lansing, who is stationed at Cairo. He is a venerable, keen old man, and has been a resident of the East for a quarter of a century. The Society has a fine stone edifice in a goodly quarter of Cairo, and its schools number two hundred children

of the better class of Arabs. They all have to pay, and are taught French and English, besides the ordinary school studies in Arabic. No effort is made to convert them, though I fancy the contributors to the fund in America believe otherwise. I do not think that the attempt, if made, would bring forth many proselytes, for these people are satisfied with their own religions, whose mysticisms harmonize so well with their superstitious and ignorant nature. When any changes do take place, it is a Copt becoming a Protestant rather than a Moslem turning Christian. The children are sent to the missionary schools for the knowledge of the foreign languages that they acquire. The influx of strangers and the English domination render this knowledge very essential to the young Arab of good family who may look for service in the departments.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, who superintend the missionary buildings at Assiout, received us very warmly. There was a pleasant coal fire glowing in a New England stove in the room, which was an agreeable surprise; for, though it was a cold and cloudy day, neither at the mansion of the consul nor the palace of the governor was there a stove, fireplace, or range of any kind. Every one went about wrapped in overcoats, and this in Upper Egypt, where I had thought there were only different degrees of warmth and never any cold weather.

The missionary buildings are four in number, built of red bricks and stone, forming the outer sides of a square or courtyard, paved within with small stones. The entrance was approached through a garden, where grew palm, fig, and jujube trees. Red rose bushes and mandarin trees, together with the Dom palm, lined either side of the gravelled path, and several little date-palms, springing up from the ground with leaves like grasses, were planted here and there. The gardens were clean and free from dust, and we had no doubt that the care and energy of Mrs. Alexander were the cause of this neatness. On our departure we were again presented with a sheep and turkey by the nephew of the consul, who represented the office in the absence of the latter.

These little presents it is not good form to refuse, and indeed we had no intention of doing so, for, added to chickens, they are the only meat one gets on the Nile. It is impossible to buy beef, though there are many cattle. The Egyptians find them too useful as beasts of burden in the fields or at the sakkieh, and even the cows are trained to turn the water-wheel, bringing up the precious fluid to water their lands. Water can be procured almost anywhere in the valley of the river by sinking wells, for the Nile percolates through the soft and porous soil, still sodden underneath the surface, from the

effect of the last inundation. But naturally it is not above the surface of the river, so that during the low stages of the spring and summer it costs too much to pump water to the surface from the deep wells. It is easier to take it from the river-banks, either by the shadoof or sakkieh, and let it run in numerous little canals over the land.

Going up from Assiout, we realized that this strange stream was strange in other ways, besides its annual uprising like a god in his might. Most rivers are broadest, deepest, and widest at their mouths. The Nile is one-third larger a thousand miles above, the point at which its muddy volume forks before entering the Mediterranean. For in all that distance it has no affluent, and the loss by evaporation and irrigation is immense. Above Assiout it is a mile wide, and in a strong breeze the white-capped waves roll like a miniature sea. One can sail up the river against the current more rapidly than down it, even when oars are used. For the wind blows steadily from the Mediterranean three-fourths of the year, and, filling the two large sails of the dahabeeyeh, sweeps it along against the rising waves three or four miles an hour. Sandbanks are plentiful, and stop the boat sometimes with a suddenness that is neither pleasant nor picturesque. The most skilful reis cannot avoid them, for the river makes new ones annually, and where last year there may have

been ten feet of water in the middle of the river, one may run straight on a sandbank like a crocodile's back. There is but little danger, however, save the annoyance of delay, for it is not rocky nor hard, and good management, with steady work, usually gets the boat off in a couple of hours.

Above Assiout, we passed on the east side many bold bluffs that came down and towered over the Nile like gigantic vultures with outspread wings. They rise up so sheer and sudden from beneath the water, that scarce a swallow could find foothold on the sides of the frowning cliffs. Yet they were pierced in many places, and the open portals of the empty tombs looked down on the turbid waters of the river that was even older than they. Numerous unopened and undiscovered treasures of antiquity must still rest within these red walls, waiting patiently until they shall be thrown open to the light of the Western sun. Egypt up here, which is merely the strip of valley land between the two hill ranges on either side of the Nile, grows palm trees as well as wheat and sugar-cane. One is never out of sight of the tall graceful palm, with its feathery leaves springing from the very summit of the tree, and curving over like a green silk umbrella.

The location of every little village is known long before the boat is near to the spot to which the girls come down to the river for water, by

THE SAKKIEH.

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the dark dense grove of palms at whose base the huts are nestled. The trees are all numbered every five years, and each one old enough to bear dates pays a Government tax. It is estimated that there are seven millions of them, or about one palm tree to each inhabitant. Sycamore and acacia or gum trees are very often seen, usually in small groves, and separate from the palms. The Dom palm differs from the date palm in not being so high, and it has more branches, which leave the parent trunk midway to the top. The fruit is larger but not so sweet nor so nutritious. It does not seem to flourish in Lower Egypt, though that is quite as warm as Upper Egypt. Perhaps it is not dry enough in the Delta.

Mustard, onions, lettuce, cabbages, and many other vegetables are raised in great quantities, and can be bought cheaply. Chickens are twenty cents each, and eggs ten cents a dozen; but the eggs are so small that three of them hardly equal two of Californian production. A sheep costs four dollars, and turkeys one dollar each. Beef, as I said before, cannot be bought; but Nile fish are plentiful, though insipid. The Nile is never clean, as it always contains earth in solution, and for more than half the year the water is warm. Fish are rarely good in warm latitudes. The best fish I ever ate were in Japan, caught in the Inland Sea, when the snow was a foot deep at Nagasaki.

In the winter sugar-cane is the dessert of the sailors. They munch it at all hours, and every day or two they club together and buy a lot of it from a farmer at an absurdly low price. After leaving Cairo, we must have passed thirty or forty sugar-mills. The tall smoke-stacks rise high above the palm trees and even the minarets; and the smoke is seen curling up until it is lost in the blue African sky. I do not know what Egypt would have done in these later years without sugar-cane and cotton. The cultivation of sugar-cane was largely increased by Ismail Pasha, and, in his Oriental way, he took many acres of the best sugar lands from the fellaheen on one pretext or another, built sugar-mills, fully equipped them, and derived a large revenue from these fruits of his honest industry, until the bond-holders compelled him to emigrate.

On nearly every sand-spit in the river, removed from the banks on either side, were cranes, herons, pelicans, and vultures. The latter were larger than the American bald eagle, and were always tearing at the carcase of some camel or donkey, thrown by the river on the bank.

Geese and ducks were plentiful, especially the latter; but all the water-fowl are very shy. I was unable to secure a single duck, and a rifle was needed for the large birds. Every one whacks away at them from the dahabeeyehs, no matter how

distant they are, and the birds know the large lateen sail of the tourist from afar, and quietly sail away.

Purple-winged doves, mottled kingfishers, and black-headed snipe were easily shot, and made a good dish, broiled on toast with a thin slice of bacon. Every village that we passed sent out clouds of pigeons, who were half aquatic in their habits, for they would sweep over the river on strong pinions, dart suddenly down and rest on the water for a moment, then rise and swiftly fly above our boat in increasing circles.

Water is carried to the houses of the people from the river by the girls and women in earthen jars. The shape of these jars is the same now as it was in the earliest ages, for many such are drawn in the antique sculptures. Even in the winter, when we shivered on deck in heavy overcoats, the girls walked into the water up to their knees and filled the amphoræ. The watering-place on the bank is, I imagine, the great gossip station, for there is always a group of half a dozen or more women and girls, dressed in dark-blue cotton gowns, with bare feet and sometimes bare legs, chattering away at a rate to rival the pigeons.

The jars are graded to the size of the bearer, but every one, from the little tot of six or seven summers to the old woman, bears away on her head in these vessels some of the Nile wine. They are a

pleasant and interesting feature of Egypt, and one never feels alone when the music of their voices is borne on the zephyrs to the swift-sailing dahabeeyeh.

In two or three days from Assiout we came to Denderah, leaving Abydus until the voyage back. I had read and heard so much of Denderah that I was very anxious to see the temple that yet retained a memory and a portrait of Cleopatra. It is quite modern, as temples go in Egypt, not being completed at the commencement of the Christian era. The names of several of the Cæsars, as well as one or two Ptolemies, are sculptured on the columns.

But the hieroglyphics and sculptures that cover the outside and inside walls, the ceiling, the columns, the façade, the roof and walls of the inner chambers, are but copies of those that ornamented the old temple, of which the present monument is the successor. Egypt is so old that bricks and mortar, granite and limestone have faded and broken away in the fulness of time. Temple has been built on temple, foundation on foundation. This one at Denderah is said to have had its predecessors, erected on the same spot, and yet this is two thousand years old. For the Egyptian myth that divides the body of Osiris into sixteen pieces after he was slain by his brother Set adds that one of the sixteen fragments was found here by his wife and sister Isis. It thus became a sacred place in the Osirian

mysteries, and before the time of Menes is supposed to have been an independent locality, like the other nomes or districts which then made up the later Egypt. So that its antiquity is very remote, and the first religious monument constructed where now stands this magnificent sanctuary to Egypt's dead gods, takes us far back into the mists of the unknown. The floor of the temple is about twenty feet below the masses of rubbish that surround the structure on all sides. The level of the valley itself has not perceptibly risen, but an Egyptian village was built about the temple. As the sun-dried brick huts fell away after a century or so, others were built on their ruins, so that gradually the ground there was elevated, until now one has to descend a steep flight of steps to the immense slabs of limestone that make its floor. All the columns are in position, including those of the hypostyle hall; but the sculptures are badly mutilated, much more than I supposed from the descriptions I had read. The early Christians, it is thought, after the abolition of Egyptian worship under the edict of Theodosius in the fourth century, amused themselves by chipping off the noses and faces of the gods and Pharaohs whose full-length figures were cut into the walls and pillars. Fortunately they were too lazy or not fanatic enough to take the trouble to mount and mutilate the figures on

the ceilings and upper half of the walls, so they are in fairly good condition. Still the gloom that pervades the whole structure makes it difficult to see very distinctly, even with the aid of candles and magnesium lights. The hypostyle or central hall is very lofty; the pillars that support it of great size, and on either side are chapels of stone that were allotted to the priests, with their robes and ointments. Light is only admitted through two small rectangular orifices that slope downwards from the side through the thick walls. It was purposely intended to be in the shadow, for the mysterious rites of the Egyptian priests to their sun-god were, curiously enough, never performed in his presence. No one was in the inner hall during the ceremonies, save the Pharaoh and his clergy, and these glorious buildings of eternity were consecrated to the use and service of one living man. The Pharaoh was more than human, and every one else less than human in his presence.

These people, so intelligent in everything else, made a god while he lived of their monarch. There could not have been many republicans among them, and the doctrine of equality of all men has certainly not sprung from Egyptian lore.

Ascending to the roof by a staircase cut upward inside one of the temple walls, we found there an exquisite little temple, with six round columns lotus

THOTHMES III. (18TH DYNASTY).

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crowned. It was a very jewel, and sat as daintily on the heavy stones that made the flat roof as a white ibis. There, at least, sunlight came, and it was the only cheery place of the great sanctuary. The stones of the roof are wonderfully large. The corner ones were ten feet square and four feet thick, and were laid flat or horizontally. From the summit a clear view could be had of the Arabian hills far off on the other side of the river, and the vivid green carpet with its white border between. The ancients had a regard for the beautiful in nature, and their temples are situated so as to command the largest possible landscape in the Nile valley. On the outside of the west wall are sculptured two figures of Cleopatra, both larger than life. They are at the north and south sides of the wall, and are represented with the insignia of Isis and royalty—the disc and cow's horns, the asp and crook. In front of her stands her son by Cæsar, and they both offer libations to Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, to whom this temple was dedicated.

The face of Cleopatra is that of a full-lipped, full-cheeked woman, with a rounded chin and large almond-shaped eyes. She must have been about thirty years old when it was drawn, and the figure, though of the same type as given by the Egyptian artists to all their royal personages, impresses one as it is outlined on the stone wall as that of a gloriously

stately woman. The golden disc that crowned the noble head reflected the rays of the dying sun, whose light played softly on the regal asp which shone above the midnight tresses of the queen who ruled the two rulers of the world. I have read somewhere that Cæsar never wrote a letter to Rome during all his stay at Alexandria, which lasted near a year. The conqueror of the world at forty-nine was ashamed to admit that he had been conquered by a girl of eighteen. For all that, he sent for her to come to Rome, and she was there with her boy when Cæsar was killed. If he had lived he might have made the boy his heir, and then proud Rome would have had for its master one with Egyptian blood.

It is in the poetical fitness of things that the historical Venus of Egypt should be placed on the walls of the sanctuary of the mythical Aphrodite of Egypt, and this is the prayer offered by the Pharaoh inscribed in the shadows of the innermost chamber: "I offer thee truth and love, oh goddess of Denderah, for truth and love are thy work; for thou art truth and love themselves."

Cut laterally in the transverse walls that separate the halls are crypts, with secret staircases leading downwards. They are thought to have been used as receptacles for the vessels and robes belonging to the temple and the clergy.

The paintings on the walls were in better condition than any I had yet seen, for they were unknown until Mariette discovered them a few years ago. These crypts are not usually opened to the tourist, and I fancy few people would want to go down the steep rugged steps a second time, for the bats are many and fly about near one's candle too close to be pleasant. Suleyman, who went below with me, lighted some magnesium wire without orders, and its fumes quickly vitiated the air in the long narrow dungeon. We were nearly stifled, and had to drag out one Arab, the keeper of the keys, an old man whose weak lungs and body gave way. No one should ignite magnesium wire in these tombs and caves unless the door is wide and high, so that there is plenty of fresh air. On the exterior walls of the sanctuary wasps in thousands had built their homes, and were flying about in clouds. One had to pass through the thickest of them in viewing Cleopatra and in making the circuit near the wall; but they were entirely harmless, and seemed too busy to pay attention to the Howardji.

Riding back to the *Vittoria*, we crossed the river that afternoon to Keneh, one of the modern Egyptian villages, erected on the ruins of the monuments of the dead. In the earlier Moslem centuries it was the most convenient point for travellers in Upper Egypt who wished to go to the Red Sea. For the

Nile trends eastward there, and a gap in the plateau range permits of rapid and easy access from the river to the sea.

Dancing and pottery-making are the chief attractions and the cause of the prosperity at Keneh. The dancers of the Ghawazee profession are numerous and ugly, since the pretty ones go to Cairo. They have been taught from infancy, so that their limbs are supple and active; but no teaching nor training can give them pretty faces. In Cairo the pure Egyptian type, very much like the Spanish, with large eyes, olive transparent cheeks, and white teeth, abounds; but, except the white teeth, very few of these adjuncts to beauty are seen in Upper Egypt. The Soudanese of negro blood have come down the Nile and mixed with the fellaheen for ages, so that thick lips and noses, with dusky faces, throng the streets of Keneh, evidently the result of the mingling of the two races.

Miscegenation, here as in America, produces a people who have the worst features of their progenitors, though mentally they are by no means inferior to the average Cairene. But then one hazards little in saying so much, for the modern Egyptians have intellects of the most feeble description.

We were taken to a place where pottery is made, and saw the simple rapid process. A clay possessing

properties very well adapted for water and wine jars exists in great quantity near Keneh. It is dampened and softened with water, and with the aid of a little wooden wheel turned by the feet, the workman takes a shapeless mass of clay, and in about a minute makes a beautiful jar, which is dried afterwards in the sun, and is very light and strong. They make a class of jars porous at the bottom from the inside, so that water slowly percolates through. The consequent evaporation and moisture thus keep the water very cool, and in the hottest months a draught of clear Nile water from one of these amphoræ is as refreshing as the nectar of the gods. A good part of Egypt is supplied from Keneh, and we continually met on our way up large Nile boats loaded with nothing but these pottery jars, which were being transported to Cairo and Alexandria. Even Syria buys its water vessels from Egypt, and, in fact, all over the Levant they are in demand.

We left the bustling active little town, more like an American village in a new State than one on the sleepy Nile, and with a good wind sailed up the river. In the morning I awoke early, and from my cabin window saw frowning down on me from the high river-banks the lofty columns of Luxor's temple.

CHAPTER XV.

THEBES.

THREE thousand years ago Thebes was the largest city in the world, extending some miles on both banks of the river back to the hill ranges that stood on the edge of the desert. It was practically the capital of all the regions of the earth then known. The Pharaoh received tribute from as far north as the Black Sea, from Arabia, Libya, and Khartoum on the Nile. Egypt had not many more people within its defined boundaries than it has to-day. Nor were the numbers of those who lived in Syria and Asia Minor very great. But two or three cities or towns, with sufficient inhabitants to justify walls and temples, existed. The tribes were all pastoral and migratory, like the Bedouins now, and did not for some centuries later settle down and form kingdoms and empires and build Babylons. Europe was almost unknown. The Bosphorus and Dardanelles were deep rapid channels that the ancients dared not cross. Cyprus only of the Greek

Archipelago was familiar, because it was so very large and near to the mainland of Syria. Therefore it was seized, and became an appanage of Egypt at a very early date. Greece was unheard of in Egypt in the days of Thebes' greatest glory. Rameses fought and marched near to or over the plains of Troy three hundred years before Ilium was captured by Agamemnon. Who knows the history of Greece anterior to the Trojan War? The Greeks thought it most marvellous to sail as far from home as Troy, though hardly ever out of sight of land. Egypt was very much more distant, and there was no land from continent to continent. The Egyptians were very clannish, and neither emigrated themselves nor would permit foreigners to live in nor to visit their country. They brought captives to Egypt, and put them to work on the public edifices, but these captives died at their toil. They never went back.

The great antiquity of the Egyptians over other peoples is shown by the fact that they were highly civilized, while all other countries then known to be inhabited were savage and barbarous. From the epoch of the Pyramids to that of the Ramasseum, a period of twenty-five hundred years, the improvement in the language and sculptures was slight. The Pyramid writers and sculptors were a little archaic in their work

then, but they must have had the same rules and measurements for designing and drawing as the architects of Queen Hatasou. The temples built at Karnak by Osurtasen and his immediate successors are not as large or lofty as those of Amenhotep, Hatasou, and Seti, who flourished fifteen centuries later; but the simple lotus capitals of the twelfth dynasty are not surpassed in attractive design by the more ornate and polished stones and architecture of the later Pharaohs. When Osurtasen reigned, and erected the obelisk yet standing in the grain-fields of Heliopolis, his Egypt was our modern Egypt in dimensions, while Rameses had the spoils of many nations and the forced labour of the Jews to contribute to his exaltation. Therefore, in the structures that these mighty men of the past have left on earth to remind us that they have been, we must not award too much praise to the one and too little to the other. The greater Pharaohs remembered the beginning and the future in their monuments. These superb temples, after so many ages, are still unequalled in the larger and more populous modern world, and these ruins, mellowed by centuries and centuries of Egyptian sunshine, are as dreamlike memories of another sphere. In the building of a church to his gods, the Pharaoh also glorified himself, for he was the only worshipper within its sacred walls except the priests. The

shadowed interior, with the grand and majestic invocations to the gods of Egypt cut deep into the solid stone walls and pillars; the beautiful sculptures, with the simple drapery and the many-coloured pigments, were only for his eye and worship, and it was he, and he alone, who offered the fragrant and aromatic incense from the land of Punt to Osiris, Anubis, Isis, and others of the pantheon, in the sanctuary of the temple, the Holy of Holies.

As he piled massive stones on heavy foundations, he built not only for the gods and religion, but also for the future. For they were fashioned as for all time. One might suppose that some of them—Rameses, for instance—had the idea of Erostratus in their brain, and resolved that in future centuries and in other lands they should not be forgotten.

The ruins of Karnak are what is left of the almost consecutive labours of two thousand years. For Osurtasen commenced to build there, we know, about 3000 B.C., and there were older edifices before his time, as an inscription found amid the fallen blocks tells us. Shesonk, who comes down to a period later than the Trojan War and twenty centuries after Osurtasen I., has left on pylons of his own construction a hieroglyphic statement of battles and conquests in Palestine. Thebes was never besieged nor devastated by an enemy during all this time, though it did not remain the capital. It was only in the

Ptolemaic age, and afterwards, in the days of the Christian vandals, that the glorious old Egyptian city suffered outrage and mutilation.

These centuries of unsullied splendour embrace a greater period than that from the foundation of Rome to the discovery of America; longer than the Christian religion has existed, and more years than have expired since Britain's early aborigines lived in caves and were clothed with the skins of wild beasts.

Is it any wonder that in this climate which destroys nothing, and with each Pharaoh emulating the preceding Pharaoh, even the ruins unburied to-day inspire the most profound emotion and admiration? The immense columns cannot be numbered; the noble walls rising up and gradually inclining inwards, as in all Egyptian pylons, make us fancy that it could only have been giants who placed them there. The blocks of stone had to be very heavy and massive, in order to support and sustain each other, as the Egyptians did not dig deep for the substructure. The ground was very level and soft, for the Nile swept over the land where the temples were situated every year. They could not find a rocky bottom, perhaps, for fifty feet. Therefore they excavated only to a depth of six or eight feet beneath the surface, threw in gravel, and carefully laid down flat slabs weighing tons. On these were superimposed other like slabs, with mortar and lime

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between, and above this foundation the temple and walls arose.

Annually did the Nile come up to the pylons or exterior walls, but these kept the water out, and the sanctuaries were for several weeks in each year little islands, with the rest of the city and the whole country round about overflowed. Now that portions of the pylons have fallen, the inundations cover Karnak as well as the rest, and they indicate a point on Queen Hatasou's obelisk fully ten feet from the base which was touched by the Nile high water some years ago. One would think that this continued washing would gradually loosen the foundation and cause the mass to fall, but it does not seem to have done so. The water rises very quietly and softly, and goes off in the same manner, while away from the river channel proper there is very little current.

When we were there, right in the midst of the towering columns sat a gaunt, angular, spectacled and keen-visaged lady, a very New England old maid. She was with a couple of donkeys and another lady who must have been her sister. They were sketching. Suleyman was with me, carrying his gold-mounted scimitar, and wearing his richly embroidered costume, for we had paid a visit to our consul that morning. I drifted away alone, taking some photographs, and presently Suleyman came up in a high state of indignation.

"What is the matter, Suleyman?" I asked.

"Why, sir, those ladies wanted to draw my portrait, and offered five piastres if I would pose fifteen minutes."

I knew that to Suleyman, especially on this trip, five piastres or even fifty were very little, judging by the way he squandered our funds on what he told us were necessary expenses when the Consul-General of America visited his subordinate officials on the Nile. How much he retained we never wanted to know. We were afraid even to think of it. Therefore I had to laugh when asking again—

"Well, what did you do? You know it is your nice clothes that attract them as well as yourself."

"Do, sir—do? Why, I suppose they are ladies you know; but I told them that you were not going to stop, and I had to leave with you. Let us go now, sir, for they may ask me again;" and all the way to the boat he talked scornfully about the five piastres, and finally said they could not be Americans, but English, "for Americans couldn't be so mean."

Next day there were some races, and everybody went. That evening on the dahabeeyeh, Suleyman said, "Those ladies spoke to me again to-day, sir, and seemed to want to talk to me."

"Did they? Well, I suppose you had a nice conversation?" the general said.

"Oh no," said our worthy. "You see, sir, I don't

know who they are, and I can't talk to people in public to whom I have not been introduced, so I kept away from them." His intense indignation and the trepidation that he evinced with regard to the two pair of spectacled eyes made us roar with laughter.

But he was invaluable to Ali Murad in arranging the grand banquet that the former gave us one evening. Ali Murad is the American consul at Thebes, and was the only consul that we had met thus far on the Nile who was not a Copt—a true follower of Mahomet, tall and thin and slightly stooping, with a good-natured expression on his sallow face. He had held his official position for over twenty years, and was fully aware of his importance.

His son, a young man of about twenty-five years, assisted his father in the duties of consul. He had been educated by the ubiquitous American missionaries, who have a school here, and so spoke a little, a very little, English. He was extremely kind and considerate to us, placing at our disposal horses and donkeys with attendants, who waited all day long on the bank of the river above our boat.

On the principle that a plain face is an index to a kind heart, Ali Murad's son was too good for this wicked world. For he was not an Adonis—with one eye gone, a strongly pitted face, and dark rough

skin. His mother must have been a Soudanese, that is, a cross between the Arab and the Ethiopian.

The dinner was preceded in the soft moonlight by a salute of firearms. The artillery embraced four tremendous big pistols of last century's make, with flint-lock triggers, and two old guns, each being fully two yards long, which looked as if they must have been found in some one of the tombs. Suleyman and young Ali Murad discharged them with great noise and smoke, while we very carefully got out of the way, as we did not know at which end they were more dangerous. The banquet, which was furnished with plenty of wines, although Ali Murad and his son, as orthodox Moslems, did not drink a drop, was followed by a dance of the Ghawazee.

It is usual in Upper Egypt to entertain guests with a dance after dinner, and each district has certain *danseuses* who have a local reputation. Ali Murad's girls gave us an exhibition which was very decorous and dull, for there were several American ladies present who were asked over from Cook's steamers. We met also the British consul, on whom we called next day. He showed us a book containing interesting autographs, including that of C. G. Gordon. Gordon wrote it when last at Thebes, in 1885, on his way to Khartoum, whence he never returned.

Some people in Egypt hold views of Gordon's character different from those expressed by Lord Wolseley and others. Wolseley once wrote that General Robert Lee, of our Civil War, and Gordon were the only two soldiers he ever knew whose singleness and purity of purpose were untrammelled by thought or care of the politicians. To one who reads Gordon's last journal written at Khartoum, and his despatches to Baring at Cairo, it might seem as if he was almost a fanatic. Of personal fear he had none, and no one could be more recklessly unselfish; but he would have made a better devotee in a Trappist monastery than an English general ruling alien races. He seems to have known the Bible by heart, and was, if one might so say, a bigoted Christian, yet he had the highest esteem for the degraded sensual Moslem faith. I have heard that he would shut himself up in the private chambers of his palace at Khartoum for two or three days at a time, with a Bible and writing-paper, neither eating nor speaking to any one in the interval. This might explain some of the vagaries that are so palpable in his last published writings. He lost the Soudan and his own life, when he might have saved both. He acted with the devotion, chivalry, and singleness of a Chevalier Bayard, but not with the wisdom and calm foresight that should actuate the governor of a vast territory

and turbulent dangerous tribes. He sent eleven telegrams in one day from Khartoum to Cairo to Sir Evelyn Baring, until the latter finally telegraphed Gordon to sit down and try to embody what he wanted in one telegram, and it would be done. He kept continually asking for instructions, and at the same time implied that he would only obey those that he indicated ought to be given him. Before the expedition was sent to rescue him, he might have left Khartoum, but he said that he did not want to go, and would not go and leave to their fate the native population under his charge.

One who has read the story of Khartoum carefully will have a high regard for Gordon's singular personal qualities, but will wonder how statesmen ever came to entrust him with such a delicate, difficult, and important post. We can easily make heroes of men who bravely die without deserting their place, but it is well to consider also whether they died wisely as well as bravely. Will Gordon's body ever be found and brought down the Nile as were those of Deir el-Bahari, seven or eight years ago? Egypt, like the sea, gives up its treasures after holding them closely clasped in its rocky embrace for centuries. The story of Deir el-Bahari is a romance of the Nile.

Two miles from the river, high up in the cliffs, and far above the temple of Queen Hatasou, the first

woman whose name appears in historical annals as a ruler, is a little gorge that ends abruptly at the base of the steepest precipice. All the tombs of Thebes are on the edge of the valleys, just where the hills begin to rise from the sand. It is a uniform custom, and no one ever thought of looking up on the mountain-side. One burning day in 1878 an Arab was crossing the hills, and came down to the valley by this rocky gorge as the shortest way. His foot slipped, and he rolled down into a pile of sand. It seemed strange to him that so much sand should be up there, far from the plain beneath. He dug a little, and found more sand instead of the rocky bottom that should have been below. Satisfied that he had discovered a new tomb or something of value, he told a few of his tried friends who lived with him in the little village built among the ruins of the temple of Medinet-Abou.

Ten of them gathered together and excavated the sand secretly every night, for the museum authorities claimed everything found, and would only permit the village Arabs to dig where they directed. At the end of a month they had gone down fifty feet and found nothing. The shaft was circular in shape, eight feet in diameter, and was cut down all the way in solid rock. Two of the men, who were brothers, had sharp eyes, and noticed that about ten feet above the depth where they were working one

part of the rocky side of the well did not seem to be just like all the rest. It must be remembered that the shaft was filled only with sand, and that when this was taken up in baskets and pulled to the surface with ropes, the excavation was left exposed as it was first made. The two brothers persuaded the rest of the party that, as they had long passed the point where experience with other tombs told them that bodies were usually interred, it was useless to work any longer, for evidently the contents of the hole had been removed long before. The sand taken out was thrown back again for ten or twelve feet, some of it scattered around, and the work abandoned. They might have filled it up again, but that was a labour, and the winds of a few years would doubtless cover it from view as before. The two Arabs waited three long months, so that no suspicion could possibly be awakened; and one obscure, starless night, stole up the steep bluffs and carefully climbed down the sharp rocky sides of the well to the bottom. With the aid of a little cotton-wick floating in oil, which could not be seen from the top of the shaft, they looked carefully around. Throwing on one side the sand that had fallen down since the work was stopped, they soon came to that part of the well which they had noted. The sand was brushed away, the rocks tapped and sounded, and very soon a large segment of the wall

DEIR EL-BAHARI.

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seemed to be a little loose. Presently it yielded to a slight push, opening inward, and disclosed a narrow passage, not high enough for a man to stand upright, and three feet wide.

The adventurous brothers, crouching down, advanced in this tunnel, with its square sides, two hundred and twenty feet right into the heart of the mountain, through the solid limestone formation. Thence they emerged into a large rectangular chamber, twenty feet high, filled to the top with the coffins of the silent dead of ages and ages before. A little examination told them that the royal remains of some Pharaohs lay in that silent cavern, for the coffin heads were crowned by the asp, which the Arabs knew was the symbol of Egyptian royalty. Gathering up a few of the precious relics of antiquity that covered the smooth rocky floor, they stole quietly out as if the dead could hear them, carefully replacing the large stone at the entrance of the tunnel in its original position.

During three years the brothers guarded the secret well, going down to their treasure-house but seldom, and taking such precautions that, though the other Arabs knew that they must have made some great discovery, yet they could never find where it was. For the two men gradually sold to travellers and tourists some of these antiquities, and it was this fact that at last led to the whole story coming out.

The directors of the museum at Cairo occasionally had shown to them by these travellers purchases made from the Arabs in Upper Egypt, with the view of learning if they were genuine. Once in a while some relic that had only belonged to kings was submitted for their inspection; and from the number of these that appeared the directors were convinced that a royal tomb had been unearthed somewhere. Discreet inquiries were made, and our two worthies at Thebes were finally selected as the ones from whom the articles came. In fine old Oriental fashion they were committed to prison by the governor of the district and placed in solitary confinement.

Threats and promises were made in turn, and, after a month's imprisonment without seeing each other, fearing that the other would divulge the secret first, one of them finally said he did know of royal mummies, and would conduct the authorities to the place. Brugsch Bey, the savant of the Egyptian Museum, who has been in Egypt over twenty years, was telegraphed for from Cairo, and on his coming the Arab was released. He guided the party to the cliff-side, down the shaft, and along the dark tunnel, to the large and lofty chamber at the end, where were the mighty dead of Egypt. For Brugsch Bey, who reads the hieroglyphics as one reads English, at once recognized on the coffin the

names of Thothmes III., the great conqueror, who had led his armies everywhere; Seti I., the glorious father of Rameses; and Rameses II. himself, who was the Cæsar and Alexander combined of Egyptian history. Brugsch told me, when relating the find, that he was nearly overcome with emotion, and had to go out in the open sunshine for a couple of hours, before he could control himself sufficiently to re-enter. But, when he did, he saw that the room was filled up to the roof with coffins, all of them containing royal mummies. The Arabs, in their desire to take the ornaments known to exist inside the mummy linings, had opened some of the coffins, and the unwrapped bodies lay along the floor.

Fortunately, this had not occurred to any of the Pharaohs, but only to the princes and princesses. In two days and nights, by the help of the village Arabs, thirty-seven bodies were transported to the little museum steamer on the Nile. Brugsch embarked, and the Pharaohs, with their sons and daughters, who, centuries and centuries ago, had traversed the Nile many times, were once again floating downward on the mysterious river. The Bedouins came to the shore as the vessel passed by, and saluted the dead with firing of guns, while the women sent forth loud wails of sorrow, as for some loved one who had died yesterday. All the mummies lie now at the Gizeh Museum, near Cairo, in a lofty

chamber devoted only to them, as was the cave where they slept so long undisturbed at Thebes. They were occupants of palaces when living, so even now their residence is a home built for kings, for the Gizeh Museum was formerly a magnificent palace, erected by Ismail Pasha twenty or thirty years ago. An examination showed that between the date of the decease of the first and the last of the thirty-seven mummies, seven centuries had elapsed.

When the body of Rameses was unrolled they learned also, from the hieroglyphics on the linen, that it had been removed and opened no less than three times. It is, therefore, believed that a troubled era had come upon Egypt, and that the central power at Thebes was unable to prevent the possible desecration of the royal tombs by robbers or enemies. Some loyal friends of the dead—probably priests, and the family whose special duty it was to embalm and care for the bodies of the royal race—must have secretly dug the shaft and passage to the hall where the mummies were found. Then they must have carried the coffins, with their contents, from the valley of the tombs of the kings, where they were first deposited, over the mountain and down its slope to the place in which they were found. This was a distance of two miles, and it was most likely done in the dead of night, for on secrecy depended the preservation of the bodies from the

spoiler. The chamber and shaft at Deir el-Bahari must also have been excavated at night, and in removing the bodies they left the sarcophagi behind, and only transported the simple modern coffins which had been enclosed within the solid granite or alabaster. There were two reasons for this. In the first place, it would have been very difficult for the few members of one family to carry the stone coffins; and again, leaving the sarcophagi in the tombs where first placed, would make the Egyptians suppose that the mummies were within untouched.

The situation of the shaft at Deir el-Bahari was entirely away from the necropolis of Thebes, and in such a desolate spot, so far removed from the plain, that none would suspect that beneath their feet lay the mighty royal dead of Egypt's greatest days. The memory of these Pharaohs will exist long after their black mummies, that now rest serenely in their narrow walls at Gizeh, have rotted and wasted away.

Down below in the sunny valley, and away from the shiny sands that form a golden shroud to those beneath, are the Colossi. Of all the ruined and existing temples and monuments of the past that surround and encompass Thebes, they are the most impressive. They seem brooding in sullen and silent contemplation, and their perpetual frown is only removed when Ammon-Ra throws his brilliant

colours over their tremendous forms and stony faces. The two sitting statues are only twenty-two feet apart, and between the giant figures the Pharaohs' processions used to wend to the Sun Temple in the rear, which has now completely vanished. There is absolutely nothing left to indicate its existence, unless it be four or five large flat granite blocks that lie prone and partially covered in the earth. Yet the whole distance back from the Colossi to the cliffs that mark the boundary of the valley, a mile or more, was, we are told, covered with temples and palaces devoted solely to the use of the Pharaoh and the gods. Now two or three wells are scattered over the flat interval, and the soil raises good lentils and wheat crops every year. The Nile covers the whole valley, and ascends the pedestals of the monoliths a yard or so each inundation. I examined the bases carefully, and so far as I could determine they were not more than ten feet below the surface, and half of that has probably been the increment of the river. They were erected by Amenhotep III., thirty-four hundred years ago, in front of the avenue of sphinxes that led to his temple.

The Colossi—which are each shaped out of a single granite stone, pedestal and all—have never fallen, nor have the shallow bases been undermined, despite this annual rising of the Nile. One of them, that to the north, is the vocal statue of Memnon, written

of by Strabo and other Roman historians. It is much more broken about the body than its brother to the south; yet, even when I was there, an Arab boy scaled it like a snake and struck it near the left shoulder with a small hammer, making it respond with a curious sound that might have been sighing or singing, or both. The last vision of the west bank of Thebes that I saw in the morning as we left on our voyage homeward, was the rising sun, shining softly and brightly on the two hoary faces of the Colossi, while the bodies were like immense shadows below.

CHAPTER XVI.

DOWN THE NILE.

I WAS sorry that we had no time to go higher up the Nile than Thebes, and after too short a stay there, the sails were taken down and furled, the oars got out, and we made ready to leave. We gave a dinner on the *Vittoria*, on the eve of our departure, to some friends. Ismayin, the cook, we knew to be fond of mestiche, so while travelling all the liquors were carefully locked away. But we had not reckoned on the cafés of Thebes, and Ismayin had. He waited until the last day for our last big dinner, and then showed up about six o'clock, ready to fight the whole boat's crew, Suleyman and Hassan included.

Our guests were there, but not the beautiful turkey that had hung on the mast that morning, nor the fat sheep that had been duly sacrificed at noon. Half the sheep was gone, none knew where, and the turkey looked as if it had fallen from the top of one of the obelisks, for its wings and one leg were missing. Of course, no one could say who was the

culprit, though we had a faint idea that, when Ismayin was mellow, he was very generous in giving away other people's goods with the most lordly condescension.

However, we could get him to do nothing, and after a vain effort he sank into a corner of the deck, with the mouthpiece of his loved narghileh between his lips, muttering something about "*Les effendis Americains sont bêtes.*" Suleyman took off his embroidered costume, with the dangling scimitar, that he carried, so far as I could see, only to frighten the donkey-boys, and went to work. Schuyler and myself apologized to our guests, and the former prepared a dish, consisting mainly of canned oysters and red pepper, that forced tears of appreciation from those who had the goodness to partake of it.

However, that was about all we could give them, except some radishes and Arab bread; but, with Oriental courtesy and truthfulness, they expressed themselves as charmed beyond measure with our brilliant banquet.

After the lights were out, we deliberated on the fate of the culprit who lay calmly reposing in the silver moonlight. I suggested putting him ashore and letting him walk to Cairo. As it was only five hundred miles, and he did not need new shoes, I thought he might get there in time for the Ramadan. But Schuyler overruled me, chiefly for the reason, as

I believed, though he did not say it, that he was afraid to eat any more of his own cooking after the experience of the evening.

So I did all that was left for me to do, which was to advise Suleyman and Hassan to awaken the slumbering Ismayin with sundry buckets of water, for he might catch cold if he slept on deck all night. This was a labour of love to those two worthies, and they did so at once with unremitting assiduity. Ismayin arose like a Nile crocodile, and went to his little room, followed by pious exhortations from all the crew. He did not get drunk during the remainder of the voyage.

As we had left Abydos for our return voyage, we now stopped at Ballianeh and rode to the ruins, distant from the river six or seven miles. Abydos is said to be even older than Memphis, and was the original capital of united Egypt.

They locate the reunited body of Osiris here, and Mariette Bey observed before he died that excavations beneath the *débris* which lies all around the temples might produce more interesting results than any yet discovered. The temple has been exhumed from the desert by great labour, and the banks of sand even now rise above the walls on three sides. The roof still exists in part, and the columns are nearly all standing. There is hardly an inch of the columns and walls but is touched with paintings or

THE TEMPLE OF ABYDOS. *To face page* 228.

writings. As usual, our friend Rameses shows up here to good advantage.

His father began and nearly completed it, but, as Rameses finished the structure, he took all the glory to himself. He had his father's name written in small letters in obscure chambers and places where it was necessary. But his own cartouche is all over the temple, and his colossal figure, seated with and worshipping the gods, is sculptured several times both on the pylons and the interior walls.

There are six little rooms consecrated each to a god or goddess, as Ammon-Ra, Isis, Anubis, Set, and Hathor, including one room to the Pharaohs. The sculptures in each of these small chambers are admirably executed and wonderfully fresh. I have noticed that wherever there is shadow, the colours remain vivid much longer than in the light. Probably many of the paintings were made by the artists after the roof was on, and they were never exposed to daylight until within the past three or four decades, when the building was uncovered. The roof of one of the gods' chambers is arched, but it was made so by simply cutting away the single massive flat granite stone that rested on the side walls.

The portion of the temple wall representing Rameses and his father Seti worshipping the seventy-six Pharaohs who preceded them on the throne of

Egypt, and whose names are given in detail, is hardly touched by time. The temple is thirteen hundred years older than the one at Denderah, but is nearly as well preserved. They look much alike, and the hieroglyphics and sculptures are very similar on both temples, except that those of the older monument are infinitely better drawn and more attractive. There seems to be greater majesty and power in Seti's temple than in the later one, though the early Roman emperors assisted with the wealth of Rome in its completion.

Like Thebes and Denderah, the site is admirably chosen. On the western banks of the river, facing the rising sun, the priests from the summit of the temples looked over the wide valley of the Nile to the distant Arabian hills. At each of these old cities the river makes a long bend in its course—the hills seem to recede on either side; thus the plain is as large, if not larger, than anywhere else in Upper Egypt. Every foot of it was arable; and Abydos, for instance, was built on land reclaimed from the desert, which is now partly covered with drifting sands. The temples were built on the edge of the plain, between the sand and the soil, between the desert and the valley.

As we rode over the plain on our way to Girgeh we passed a small flock of the sacred ibis birds. They were pure spotless white, and about the size of

large quail. They were not very timid, and did not fly until we were quite near. Even to-day they are sacred to the Egyptian, as he never thinks of killing them. They cannot be very numerous, for I never saw any more except once at a little village when hunting, and I also respected the holy bird of the Pharaohs. We embarked at Girgeh, and early next morning left Akhmin, where the American consul had pressingly invited us to stop. Though but a few miles distant, we were two days getting there. The north wind blew so strongly up the river that the *Vittoria* was compelled to anchor in mid stream for several hours each day. One never sees a Whitehall boat or light skiff on the Nile. The Arabs know better than to trust themselves on its turbulent waters in any fragile shell. It is not that the river itself is bad, for there are no rapids below the First Cataract, and the stream, though swift, is wide and steady. But strong winds spring up quite suddenly, especially at those points where the Arabian hills come down to the river. The Nile breaks into little waves and eddies, and it might be dangerous to venture into the mile-wide current in a small boat.

The Egyptians build heavy, lumbering, solid vessels, with very high bulwarks, that will hold twenty to fifty people. In them they carry cattle, donkeys, geese, and human beings, all together, and

sail merrily up and down the river, with the aid of a big lateen sail, made after the pattern of the one used by the ancients. There is never any trouble in landing, for they simply run the barque into the sand or mud as near the shore as she can go; and the crew, men, and animals, jump into the water and make to land. The Nile boatmen are amphibious, and not one is ever known to have been drowned. Indeed the reis of the *Vittoria* has a most unique manner of punishing a refractory member of his crew. When any serious trouble arises while sailing, he takes the man by the shoulders, drops him into the river, and tells him to walk ashore. It may be half a mile from land, but in he goes all the same, and the boat never stops. The sailor swims to the bank, and, two or three days afterwards, very likely turns up at some point where the dahabeeyeh has stopped, is very penitent, humble, and asks to be taken back. After one or two lessons of this kind, the crew became quite docile, and I knew then why our reis was said to be one of the best captains on the Nile. He finally brought us to Akhmin, and anchored near an old hulk that served as a wharf.

The consul presently descended the bank to the dahabeeyeh, and bade us welcome. A Copt as usual. It seems to me that if changes are made, Moslems should be selected in place of the universal Copt.

The population is largely Moslem, and it would be better to appoint as consuls some at least who are of that religious belief. We puzzled our brains to understand the secret of the anxiety to be consul, for there were many applicants besides those in office, but could not find the solution.

In the mean time, the consul invited us to land and go to his house. We crossed the old hulk that hid the bank from view of the *Vittoria*, and were very much astonished at what we saw. The worthy old man, in his desire to receive the official representative of the United States properly, had spread heavy Persian carpets from the edge of the aforesaid hulk to the top of the bank. He had also erected on each side of the carpets hangings of red silk, surmounted on the top by American and Egyptian flags, placed alternately at equal distances. Small balloons of various hues, bearing lighted candles within, gave additional colour and brightness to the scene. With becoming modesty and gravity we slowly ascended the gorgeous pathway, Suleyman, who was in his element, leading the van. At the summit we were greeted by the governor of the city, the head of the police, and several other officials whose titles, unfortunately, I cannot remember. Consul Khyatt, for that was his name, was waiting with bowed head and beaming visage to greet the great man.

After the first salutations, Arabian horses ar white donkeys were led forward. Schuyler, became one who had to carry the honour of o country on his back, had corresponding amplitu of body, and, as I have said, it usually took thr men and a chair to successfully mount him on t average donkey. In this instance, however, whi the men were there in abundance, the chair was n The old Egyptian capability of lifting heavy su stances without breakage seems to have been lost their degenerate descendants, and it became a serio problem whether the United States was to walk ride to the consular mansion. I suggested that, the donkey could not carry him, he ought to car the donkey, so that in some regards the deman of etiquette would be fulfilled. Finally, some wi man led the peaceful animal a little down the ban and, with two men on the lower side to see that t donkey did not topple over, every one of the Unit States mounted.

The procession, led by Suleyman in white glov scarlet dress, and fierce mustachios, and follow by a number of police and awe-struck Arabs, we through the small dirty lanes to the consul's re dence. Just as we crossed the threshold of t house a cow was slaughtered, and her blood ran and over the door-sill. The body was at once c into pieces and distributed among the poor of t

town, thus complying with the laws both of hospitality and charity.

The dinner was in the French style. The consul told us quite frankly that he did not ask us to stop on our way up the river, because neither in his house nor in Akhmin were there any dinner knives and forks, so he had sent to Cairo for them, and they had only come the day before our arrival. Yet he was very wealthy, owning three thousand feddans or acres of land worth one hundred dollars per acre, besides a number of large stone-built houses, with gardens attached, that he rented for about a thousand dollars each every year. His nephew, George Khyatt, who had been educated in a French school at Cairo, was a young man of exquisite courtesy, and possessed of considerable intelligence. He told us that the taxes were entirely too much for the fellaheen to pay.

"Why, they have paid them fully," said Schuyler.

"Yes," replied George, "but let me tell you something. Two years ago we had a 'low Nile,' and last year a 'high Nile.' Therefore, the crops were poor, for there was first too little water and then too much. This year we have a 'good Nile,' and consequently fair crops; but we shall not garner them for two or three months yet. In the mean time, Riaz Pasha, the prime minister, has not abated one piastre of the full taxes due for the two

bad years. Good camels are valued at a hundred dollars, but the poor peasants are selling them for fifty or sixty dollars."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Because," said George, "they know that if they do not pay the tax levied by the Government, not only on every acre of land, but also on each donkey, camel, and even date tree in their possession, that the tax-gatherers will levy on the live stock and sell them. When the officers add expenses, few piastres are returned to the fellah for his beloved cattle, and, in order to cultivate his fields, he has to borrow money from the usurers, and pay as much as two per cent. per month."

"What is the remedy?" observed Schuyler.

George answered, "There is but one remedy. The debt will have to be reduced. We can't pay the taxes in Upper Egypt. Down in the Delta, where they have a fine system of canals and raise five crops in two years, the charges can be paid. But here, where we have to depend on the Nile direct, without any canals, we can have but one crop annually, and that is mostly wheat, for sugar-cane doesn't seem to grow very well in this section. Besides," he added, "it will always be so, until some change is made. Egypt only received about forty dollars on each hundred dollars that she now owes and has to pay interest upon. Ismail himself only

got about two-thirds of the sum that Egypt borrowed. The difference was the discount at which the bonds were issued to the bankers, mostly English, and Egypt will never be content without a reduction. They are making a great fuss over the French refusing to consent to the conversion of the debt at a lower rate of interest. Well, the French are wrong, but it would only be a saving of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and we pay five million dollars yearly in interest alone. The people would rather see Ismail back with his harem, and his favourites, and his extravagance, than this legalized robbery of our cattle and lands to pay unjust taxes, for which Egypt has received no benefit."

"But," I said, "it is too late now. These bonds have passed into the possession of innocent parties. Moreover, Egypt is too weak to exist as an independent state, in view of the great European nations that have been formed in recent years. If it is not England then it will be France or Italy who will control you here, for your six million fellaheen are hardly equal to one of their provinces."

He admitted what I said, but still they are dissatisfied. These Copts are Egyptians in heart, whatever they may be in religion. The Parsees of Egypt, they long for the Oriental master and the careless magnificence of Mehemet and Ismail. The careful, close, tax-gathering English are foreign to their

habits of life and thought, yet I rather think that the former will give them plenty of time to learn.

By the moonlight looking full down upon the pebbly bank, where of old the lotus flowers blanched the sands with their snowy petals, we descended rapidly and silently.

With no wind to oppose them, the crew rowed steadily all day, and by the next morning we were anchored below the palm trees that lined the shore at Assiout. It was strange to hear the whistle of the locomotive again, and the rumble of the cars reminded us that even in Egypt no place was sacred from the smoke, coal-dust, and noise of nineteenth-century inventions. Here we heard that brigandage had increased, and that the police were out scouring the river in boats, suddenly invading by night the villages whither they had reason to suppose the robbers had fled. There had been a skirmish a day or two before our arrival not many leagues from Assiout, and the troopers had lost three killed. Lady Gordon wrote of a state of affairs below Thebes, twenty years ago, that would exactly describe the condition now. It seems to be inevitable, when the crops are bad, that many poor wretches take to the road. Their cattle are removed by the tax-gatherers and their land is sold, leaving them nothing, for the minor officers, who are all natives here, are a soulless, rascally lot. I do not see what

can be done, unless a comprehensive expensive system of irrigation is started. That will give the fellaheen work during its progress, and after completion will enable the land to produce vastly more, and place it on an equality with the Delta. Money will have to be borrowed for this purpose, however, and I believe that no new loan can be contracted without the consent of the Powers, including the French Government. What the French would do is not doubtful. They would simply refuse, unless the English made some concession of a character impossible for the latter to grant.

Below Assiout we met Mr. Wilbur, an old white-haired American, who spends his summers in Paris and his winters on the Nile. He was accompanied by his family, and travelled in his own dahabeeyeh. This was his ninth annual voyage, and he was considered at Cairo a fairly good Egyptologist. He could read the hieroglyphics, and spoke Arabic well. But all his learning in Egyptian lore had not taught Wilbur to avoid a Nile sand-bank.

Just before we met them, they had been stuck for three days in the mud, near the bank of the river, and, after ineffectual attempts to get off, were forced to send a messenger on foot to Assiout, for a steamer to pull them out into the stream. We breakfasted on their vessel, and it looked to me as if there were not enough men to man the boat, or else the boat was

too large for the crew. They did not expect to be back for four months, and as both vessels displayed the American flag in parting, Suleyman suddenly discharged a battery of his own blunderbuss and my shot gun and revolver, much to the disgust of the consul, who had a horror of firearms. Suleyman was well scolded, and promised never to do so again without first asking permission; but the very next day a passing boat, carrying aloft the American flag, made him forget his promise. He was like a boy in his love for firing and hearing the noise of guns, and he had some kind of an indefinite idea that it was unpatriotic to let an American flag wave on the Nile, without having a miniature Fourth of July at once. I don't know what Schuyler would have done to him, if the voyage had been prolonged; but, luckily for Suleyman, our good boat and boatmen had carried us forward day and night, until one morning, at sunrise, Hassan woke me to say that the minarets of the citadel mosque were in view, and the same evening we anchored below Old Cairo.

CHAPTER XVII.

OLD AND NEW.

On my arrival at Cairo, I went to Shepheard's Hotel. The lease of my house had expired, and for the few days that I still intended to stay in Egypt, it was hardly worth while to take another.

The hotel was full of people, as were the New Hotel, the Hotel Continental, and the Villa Victoria, all creations of the last two or three years. The visitors had swarmed in like locusts during our absence in Upper Egypt, and it was estimated that there were seven or eight hundred tourists in the city, of whom perhaps two-thirds were Americans. The influenza was one cause of the multitude of strangers, for people had run away from Europe to Africa in the hope of escaping, as it existed, if at all in Egypt, only in a very mild type.

Favoured by my Cairene knowledge, I soon found private rooms but boarded at Shepheard's. Thus I could contemplate with complacency the misfortunes of those who had to sleep in the hall ways and bath-

rooms. The weather was rather cold, but sunny, and every day people were going out in parties to the Pyramids, the mosques, Heliopolis, and other places near to Cairo.

The town was a miniature London in the season, and dinners, balls, and receptions were of daily occurrence. The Khedive gave a dinner every five or six days at least, and a ball at the Abdin Palace each fortnight. The English officials were doing the same. One of the English regiments had allotted to them as quarters an old palace near the river. The large reception chamber on the ground floor, with its massive chandeliers of silver and glass, its painted wainscotings and high ceiling, and the barbaric magnificence of the gold decorations that supported the old Arabian tapestries, made a beautiful ballroom. Two or three of the adjacent rooms, which were separated only by *portières*, were thrown together, and from this improvised banquet-hall a few yards under the acacias led to the bank of the silent, swift-flowing Nile.

Of course, travellers coming from all parts of the world, and meeting in an African city, were for the most part strangers to each other, and it took some little time before acquaintance was made. Especially was this the case with the Americans, for the English tourists either had friends in Cairo, or were more or less provided with letters of introduction.

But the permanent official English residents, and they are numerous, were very kind, and an invitation to their entertainments was readily accorded to the visitor who became known to them. Some of my countrywomen, however, had not waited for this chance. Here is a letter that one of them sent—

"Paris, August —, 1889.

"Mr. Eugene Schuyler, Cairo.

"SIR,

"I believe that you have been appointed U.S. Minister to Egypt. I understand that the Khedive will give a grand ball on January 21, 1890, in the palace. Well, I will be there for a little visit before that day, and I wish you would get me a ticket to the ball.

"Yours truly,

"____"

That is what I call amusing. That was all. There was no Paris address to which to reply, no recommendation from some friend, no farther explanation; nothing to know who or what she was, or to distinguish her from a sack of flour. Apparently in her opinion the American representative in a foreign country was only a clerk or lackey to run on errands for any persons who asked him. One can readily see that she had never been away from home before, and undoubtedly entertained an exalted opinion of her own importance.

She was in Cairo when we returned, but as the

ball had been given while the consul-general was absent, no lamentable consequences ensued from her inability to attend. I would not be an American consul for a good deal. It is a most disagreeable position. The salary is always small, usually about one-half that paid to their colleagues of the Great Powers. Yet the American must live in something like the social condition of his associates, especially in the East. He cannot very well live and sleep in one or two rooms, and he must entertain a little, whatever he may wish. When he is invited to dinner by the consul of another nation, he has necessarily to return the courtesy, and surely he wants to give at least as good a dinner as he gets.

It is all very well to think of republican simplicity, but in the Orient they only know a nation by what they see. If a consul is careful and economical, they believe he is mean and close, and his influence decreases. They see numbers of Americans come to their country and spend money freely. They have a vague idea that the United States is immensely great and wealthy, and that its representative is allowed a big salary. If he tries to live within what he really is paid, they blame him and not the country; so, for very shame's sake, he is forced to expend more than, in some cases, he can afford.

I doubt if any one of our consuls east of Vienna

and Rome manages to live within his official income. He must have private resources of his own, or run in debt. It is unworthy of a great nation. After a somewhat long experience in Eastern lands, it seems to me that either some of the positions ought to be abolished or the salaries increased. Then the consul has other troubles. Travellers go to him and demand assistance for almost every conceivable purpose. They want to be identified at the bank. They have brought no introduction, no one knows them, yet they expect the consul to endorse their draft. The banks will pay on a consul's endorsement, for of course he then becomes personally responsible. If he refuses, he is abused; and if he does not, he runs the chance of having to pay himself, though I have never known an instance where an American has deceived his consul in this way. But they want tickets to dinners, balls, entertainments, and reviews; private interviews with leading personages; and special admission to mosques on days when they are closed to the stranger.

I remember that once, in Constantinople, a lady called on the American consul and stated that, as she had but two or three days to remain there, she would be obliged if he would get her admission to some pasha's harem immediately, for she wanted to see what they were like! One would suppose that she thought the pashas kept their wives on exhibi-

tion like prize oxen at a county fair! The poor man has to run around trying to do what he can to favour his countrymen, and for his reward is soundly abused at home as having nothing to do, and is annually threatened in Congress with a reduction of salary or abolition of his office.

We were, not long ago, actually unrepresented at Athens for two years, though the office was subsequently filled.

It is a question whether those who go to Egypt for only two or three weeks and live in hotels ever see the real Oriental life or character. They meet too many of their own race and language, and not enough of the natives. In the hotels they live just as they do in Europe or America, and the Egyptian ways must be to them no more than an Oriental drop scene in a theatre of modern manners. It is impossible to acquire a good knowledge of the Cairo people unless one has a house among them, with native servants and away from the caravansaries.

It is true that the Pyramids and Sphinx can be visited, the mosques inspected, and the museum looked over; but all these are of the past, and there is much to see in the present.

The charm of Eastern life is only found among the people and in living like the people, and that cannot be done in a hasty, flying visit. Their do-

cility and gentleness, their ignorance and dirt, their good humour and childishness combined, are delightful to recall in other lands, among other people and under different skies.

A few months' residence there is as fascinating as a hashish dream. The country grows on one. Men who have lived long in Africa stay there even after their labours are done. Schweinfurth the explorer, in his own little house, has dwelt at Cairo for years; Emin Pasha said that if he did not go back to Central Africa, he would live hereafter in Egypt; and even Stanley is said to look forward to returning again to the scene of his fame.

What a marvellous man is Stanley! He came out of his three years' tramp through the forests and fevers of Africa with cheeks rosy as an English lass and eyes clear and bright as an Egyptian star. His hair and moustache are ivory white, while his figure and form are so robust and erect that one hardly notices that he is scarcely of an average height. He speaks slowly, carefully, and distinctly, with his eyes full on the face of the person with whom he is conversing. He is somewhat reserved and reticent, almost embarrassed at first, but after a glass of wine, which he seems to like, becomes affable and pleasant. But he appears to have an ever-present consciousness of the perils and privations that he has endured, and the

recollection has given a sternness and gravity to his countenance that command attention.

It is odd that Africa should include in its boundaries the oldest and the newest countries, Egypt and the Congo. It is more curious still to think that perhaps this very Central Africa, which was probably comparatively well known thousands of years ago, has remained an unexplored land until the present era. Mr. Stanley told me that, from maps and documents in his possession, he believed that the sources of the Nile were known not much later than the time of Homer, and that they were correctly known then, for these documents correspond exactly with the discoveries of modern explorers. If that be so, the knowledge was entirely lost at a later period, and it remained for him and others to again give to the world this former appanage of the Pharaohs. It was old; it is now new, this Africa, and Rameses and Stanley both at Cairo, typify the oldest and the newest civilizations that have been and are upon the face of the earth.

The English have it in contemplation to open the Nile between Cairo and Khartoum, and to extend the railway along the stream. It may not be done at once, but it will be done, and without any very great delay. For Stanley's expeditions have opened to the world lands larger in extent than half of

Europe—mountains and rivers, hills and dales, covered with primæval forests, and capable of producing all the fruits of the earth. It possesses an agreeable climate, and will be fairly healthy when the axe has cleared the forests and the plough has prepared the soil for the seed. Through Egypt, by Khartoum and the Nile, must come the gifts of this new world, for Egypt is nearest to Europe, and the river never fails. We of the West may regret this, for we love to think of the land of the Pharaohs as always resting, bathed in the brightness of the everlasting sun. We shall hardly desire to see steamboats, railways, and telegraphs where the crocodile slept and the lotus washed its pure petals in the flowing Nile. We do not want to see the winds of this nineteenth century after Christ disturb the still dust of the nineteenth century before Him. We have no monuments of the Past in our home. We have no temples, pyramids, nor sphinxes.

Our history and our memories are of yesterday. We are young, strong, ambitious, with all the Future before us; yet we have, as a nation, no Past to make us pause and reflect. This is why we revere what we have not; and we would cherish and protect those relics of antiquity on the banks of old serpent Nile that Time has not yet effaced. Egypt is to us an anodyne and the very paradise of a hashish dreamer. We forget the struggles,

anxieties, fears of our day in this strange, quiet land, where we are as those who sleep or dream half awake. And when at last we are forced to leave it, we depart, hoping that once again we may drink of the waters of the mysterious river, and live in the light of the god Ammon-Ra, who is bountiful as ever to his land of Egypt.

THE END.

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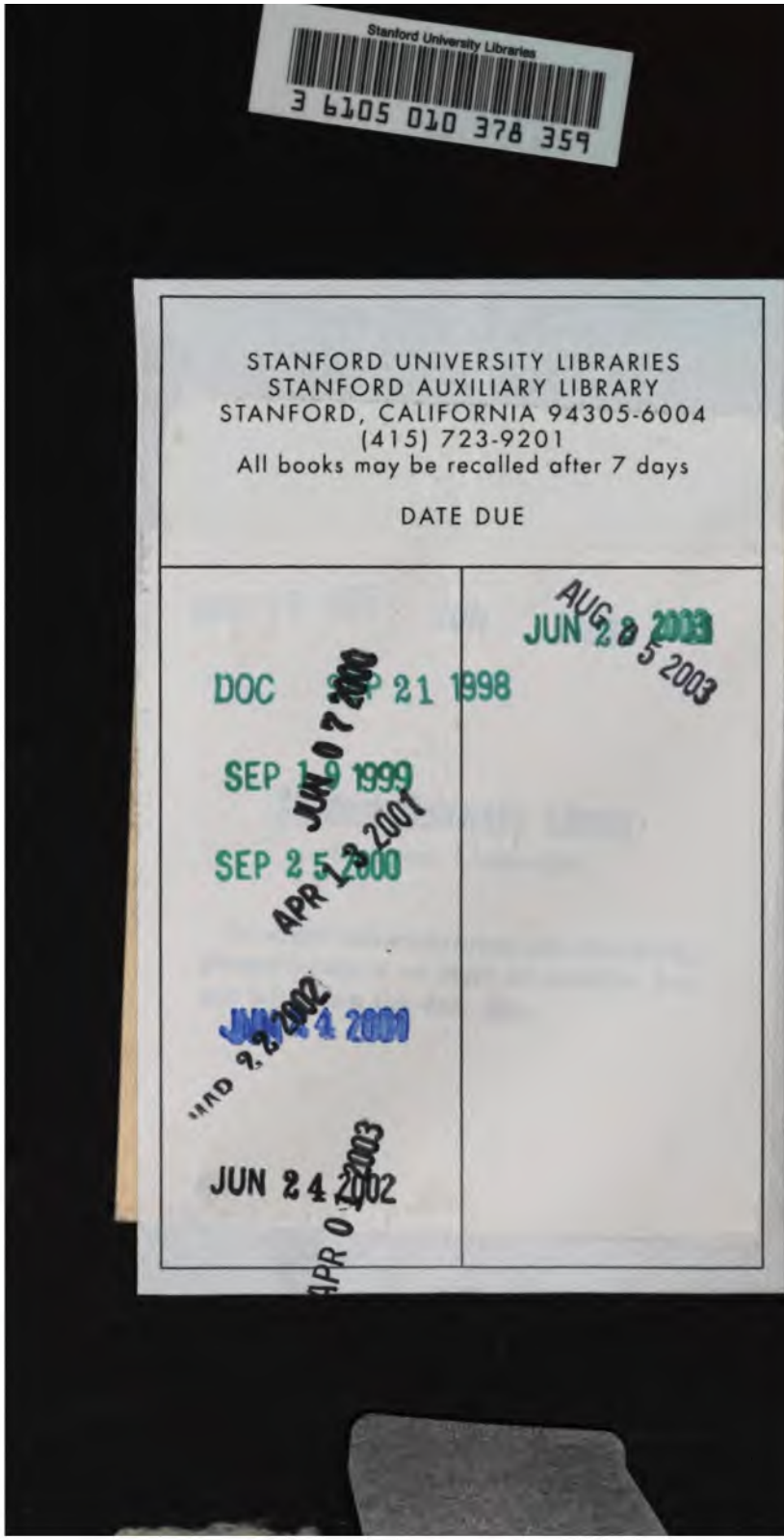
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